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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

S. B., AND S. K. L., EDITORS PRO TEM. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1842. VOL. XXI.—NO. 15

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

A SERMON TO INATTENTIVE HEARERS. ACTS XX. 9.

'And there sat, in a window, a certain young man named, Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep; and as Paul was long preaching, he sank down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead.'

And first you should avoid excessive fatigue the day previous, or it may be, over-labor the week previous to the Sabbath. It is oft-times the case that some of us are such worthy laborers on the sixth day of the week, as to prove utterly worthless on the seventh. At some seasons, more particularly, it is not uncommon to be so *intemperate in labor*, so completely run down, that the mind partakes the languor and listlessness induced by bodily fatigue; the attentive, drowsy and sluggish, finds it almost impossible to hear with the ear, see with the eye, receive into the heart; and the soul can hardly be saved for the body its contrary strivings. I am not one to advise indolence, nor unmanly ease. I would not have one single hand forget to do, with its might, its appointed task. In some places I would urge and induce to Labor. But not here. It seems to me that in this village no spur, incentive or stimulant is wanting; but the rather a check and restraint. This town is no place for the dullard, the drone and the lounger. There are no oaken settles at the ale-house door, to invite the strong healthy man to throw away his three choicest possessions—Health, Time and Property. Of gentlemen idlers as of working-men idlers, the class has well nigh disappeared. In our family mansion no room is assigned to the sluggard. But, as the extreme of virtue were itself a vice, we may witlessly err in this. Ambition is an hard task master, and Prudence utters her cautions in vain to the deaf. And where the chief ambition is to excel his neighbors, the citizen will be intemperate in Labor. But an if the week unfit us for the Sabbath, then is the Sabbath broken; as much so in fact as if secular labor were performed on this sacred day. Were one half hour of over-exertion on the week-days avoided, the seventh would be passed to more profit and of course with greater pleasure. But even allowing that your o'ertaxed body seeketh rest, absenting yourself from the House of God is poor policy; for never is the o'er-wearied frame so truly and well rested, and so much refreshed as when the mind is pleasantly and usefully employed—the conscience satisfied and complacent. With how many are Sabbath privileges lightly esteemed when weighed in the balance against weekly duties. Such division of labor is as foolish as unjust; for if in our hours of strength and vigor and prosperity we are so occupied in laboring on Earth as to lose sight of Heaven—for ourselves as to forget God—be assured that our God will *forget us in the hour of* weakness and extreme need.

Another cause of the 'folding of the hands' and a 'little more slumber' that we too often witness in our Churches is the wretched custom of making Sabbath feasts. Being a day of comparative leisure, it is too often made one of unusual excess. This opens upon a wider field than I could even glean this day; and introduces a subject no less important than the much o'er-talked one of Temperance, and might furnish matter for a Temperance Lecture. For there is a vast deal of Intemperance in no wise connected with the jug or the bottle. Intemperance in eating—excess in food—is slaying its thousands. Truly saith Elisha 'there is Death in the pot.' But we must defer the consideration of this important subject, in its general bearing upon morals, and consider it only in relation to our present subject, as a cause (and one of the chief causes) of the too common Sabbath somnolency we are reprobating. It were next to an impossibility that we should discuss or relish a feast for the intellectual and spiritual, immediately succeeding another so discordant, as a sensual entertainment, and mere animal enjoyment. The low pleasures of sense will preclude all possibility of our appreciating and enjoying the higher and purer pleasures of sentiment, intellect and piety. But many think they must '*live rather better*' on the Sabbath, than a'week days. I agree with them; and wish all to live much better. But if by living better we are to understand the mere passing more dainty bits to the palate, and subjecting our digestive organs to unwonted exertion, then are we at opposite points, and understand not, each what the other means or would signify by the term 'living better.' I would have all do this, by living more for Heaven and less for Earth, this holy day—more for the hungering soul, less to the pampered body and its baser propensities—so 'better live' that we shall no longer sleep in God's Sanctuary, but remain awake and thoughtful, with eyes ever open to the things which concern our everlasting Peace. Though this habit does not obtain among my people to the unseemly extent that it pervades the city worshippers; and though I am bound in justice to say that rarely do I address any folk, who accept the Priest's services more kindly and give stricter heed to his words, than do mine own;—yet are there now and then a few who, after a short and ineffectual combat give in; and o'erwearied nature steeps both mind and soul in deep oblivion. Let such then avoid the causes; and, when coming to sit at Jesus his feet, not find themselves, like Mary's vexed and restless sister, distracted by their much serving. Nor yet when they would take a bold flight and raise the veil between the Mortal and Immortality—when they would reason on Death Judgment and Eternity—find the wings of the spirit clogged by earthy impurities and sensual propensities; and too late learn with Dives that our *good things* are fast proving our ruin. Although there are but few who sleep amongst us; yet you well know there are many who might as well—perhaps better—sleep, as to take the pains they do that all may know that the last conceivable object that brings them hither is to worship God. But I must not forget that the length of the Apostles Discourse, was in part the occasion—as it should be deemed also the palliation—of Eutychus, his fall—and must therefore defer this consideration to a more convenient season.

C. B. P.

THE PROPHETIC BOOKS.

We have noticed in another column the excellent book, 'Observations on the Bible for the use of Young Persons,' from which the following extract is selected.

'To some minds, the proof of the divine revelation of Christianity derived from prophecy, seems the strongest; and it is from their bearing upon this subsequent revelation that these works derive much of their importance to us. Others think that the proof of a revelation derived from miracles, is not only the most important, but is indispensable to the establishment of a claim to a divine origin; while it will also be in itself sufficient, without the additional miracle of prophecy, in relation to it. Undoubtedly a distinct prophecy is as much a miracle as restoring sight to the blind. I can no more foresee what is to take place five hundred years hence, or to-morrow, than I can heal the sick, or clothe the naked, by saying a word; it is, therefore, a good and strong proof of divine authority, and is appealed to, as such, by our Savior himself. But that it is not of itself enough, or as much as we have reason to expect, is also proved by the fact that Christ and the Apostles wrought miracles, and appealed first and principally to them, whenever there was a serious question of their authority.

And when we think of some of the circumstances attendant on the nature of prophecy, we shall not be surprised that it should not be considered as the highest proof of a divine commission. In the first place, it is so difficult and so rare to perceive its true character before it is fulfilled, that it clearly amounts to little to those who live before its completion. Men may see that something is foretold, but they can have few clear ideas concerning it. So true is this, that notwithstanding the many passages in the prophets announcing the spiritual nature of Christ's kingdom, as we now believe, the Jews have never understood that fact in the least; but to this hour they suppose they are to have a temporal Messiah, who is to raise them to that state of glorious superiority they so much covet, when 'the nation and kingdom that will not serve them shall perish.'

And even after the fulfilment of prophecy, there is so much of doubt attending upon the proof, that it is, or may be, a subject of discussion and uncertainty, among those who are best disposed, as to its application. The language of prophecy is indefinite, and is not, I apprehend, designed to point out future facts with that perfect distinctness, which will render its application necessary, and the proof of divine interposition indisputable. It seems to be the design of Providence to leave something, under all circumstances, to men's judgment and reason, faculties which, to a great extent, are in their own keeping, and for the use of which they are responsible. 'If a man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself,' says our Savior; i. e. if a man will conscientiously use his faculties, and keep them, by proper habits, in a fit condition to be used, he will find little difficulty in ascertaining the truth with regard to the essentials of religion, whether natural or revealed; and he will know, or be firmly persuaded in his own mind, that prophecy and miracle, and internal character, all go to make up the abundant and harmonious proof of divine revelation, and the interposition of God in the affairs of men.

There are many passages, in these books, of the prophetic character of which I entertain no doubt, especially those referring to the coming of the Messiah, and the effects of Christianity, many of which are yet to be fulfilled. But there are others, the application of which I do not understand, from want of acquaintance, perhaps, with the history of the times to which they refer; and many, of which I have never seen any satisfactory explanation. But I can read these authors with the deepest interest and with profit, notwithstanding my occasional ignorance of their meaning, and with the highest admiration of their sublime virtue and exalted minds. When, or where, were there men of higher intellects, or courage, or integrity, than Isaiah and Daniel? Who ever exhibited greater purity and zeal for the right, than all of them? And where can we find any writings that contain more of the spirit of religion, or of the essence of morality, or of the exaltation of poetry? They have been and are a perfect storehouse of sublime thought to all succeeding generations of authors, whether in poetry, morals, or religion; and there is not a language of Europe that is not enriched by the imagery, the fervor and enthusiasm of these extraordinary men and writers. In them is found the same characteristic tone which pervades all the other works in the Bible, viz: a constant inculcation of virtue, and warning against vice. They are perpetually counselling and urging their countrymen to avoid idolatry and wickedness, to fear and serve God; and if bold denunciation, and threatening, or ardent exhortation, could produce any effect upon men's minds, it must have been produced, and must still be produced by theirs. There is nothing like it any where else, and it is scarcely probable there ever will be any thing like it again.

Think, for a moment, of what would be the effect upon the world, if all the writings we have been considering were blotted out of existence—that there were no more an Old Testament. Would not the loss be irrepable? Would they not be well saved, if that could be done, by the loss of any literature, the richest, of ancient or modern times? And then, again, think of what would be the condition of the world if these writings had never existed. If there had been no Judaism, there could probably have been no Christianity; and we should have been, perhaps, idolaters and uncivilized, or to speak more properly, we, as we now are, could not have existed at all; and there would have been nothing in the world but barbarism and heathenism.

Let us thank God, then, for these books, which have been, in His providence, such immensely powerful agents in the introduction of all the greatest blessings we enjoy, in the shape of religion and civilzation. Let us never think or speak of them but with the respect and attachment which are due to them; and while we avoid any thing like a superstitious reverence for them, let us regard them, as they are in truth, as among the productions of the best minds and the best hearts that have ever lived.

There is a mode of speaking of these writers, much in vogue with those who think highly of themselves, and are disposed to question the merit of any thing that did not originate with them, which is calculated to diminish the respect in which they ought to be held. They had the good fortune, it is said, to be the earliest writers, and of course they had the opportunity to say first what others might have said as well or better than they. Some have even professed that they thought themselves capable of making a better revelation of God's will than Moses, or than Jesus Christ himself. For my part, I can only say I am glad it was not left to persons who think so much more highly of themselves than they ought to think, to declare the counsels of the Almighty; nor do I believe there is any truth in the insinuation that the earliest writers are the best, or most striking. In every literature there is a period of growth, and the first authors, if they had the opportunity of saying the best things, very rarely used it. Certainly the earliest writers on religion and duty were so far from being the best, in other nations and languages, that they are positively the worst and most absurd. Nowhere is there an instance, except in the Hebrew tongue, of truth, with regard to the character of God, and the duty of man, being clearly developed, and fully enforced by the very first known writer. This is a fact to be accounted for. It cannot be kept out of sight, disguised, or denied. It stands prominent and pre-eminent in the history of the world; and it has never yet been accounted for, nor even an attempt been made to account for it, nor would the attempt, if made, be successful, in my opinion, without an acknowledgment of the interposition of God. All the rest of the Hebrew scriptures, and of the Hebrew history, is in perfect harmony with their outset, and would be utterly unintelligible and strange but upon the supposition of the truth of the whole. I do not mean the truth of every word, or of every minute fact asserted, but the general truth of the whole, as it would be understood by any rational interpreter. It all hangs well together, if true; if not, it is a strange jumble of inconsistencies of character; of men preaching virtue and integrity and truth, with the most outrageous falsehoods in their mouths; and proclaiming the most sublime doctrines in the most sublime manner, and voluntarily renouncing the fame to which they would be entitled, if those doctrines were their own invention, and ascribing all to a higher omniscient and almighty power.'

(From the Vermont Chronicle.)

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH.

It is probable that our Savior in this sentence intended to expose the defective nature of what many who heard him considered piety. The Scribes and Pharisees were almost universally proud and malignant.

The Christian virtue which is called meekness, differs from humility in its foundation, though the fruit of both may be similar or the same. Humility arises from a consciousness of imperfection, dependence, and unworthiness. Meekness is founded on a proper regulation, and government of the feelings and desires. The exercise of true humility is attended with more or less pain; while in the exercise of a meek temper, there is a rational pleasure, arising from order and peace of mind. Meekness is proper to a perfect nature and state; but humility cannot properly be predicated of a mind of absolute perfections.

Meekness of spirit should be carefully distinguished from meanness. Meanness of spirit, or a want of perception of what is manly, is either a radical defect of mind or an induced obliquity of feeling. Meekness will never lead an individual to overlook the fact that he is a man, and to be treated as one. The life and manners of our Savior afford an admirable illustration of this sentiment. While he was meek, he was manly, and claimed the rights of a man. St. John 18: 23.

There is a natural inoffensiveness of character which should never be confounded with Christian meekness. Some individuals will readily conform to almost any condition and pass through their lives without indecorum, or ill-treatment of others. While a man of an easy and effeminate character may be more useful and tolerable in society than one of a high temperament, and strong, but ungoverned passions; we should ever consider what renders him such, meekness. Meekness consists in the control of the feelings and passions, and never in the absence of them. A man of true meekness, while he will not be proud and rude, will be firm and decided in matters of principle. Moses was an eminent example of meekness, but nothing can be found to surpass his presence of mind and decision of character.

The man who possesses the character described in the beautiful scripture placed at the head of this article, while he mingles in society and labors for the good of it, will be gentle and calm. There are some well reasoning people, who either from a natural repulsiveness of character, or erroneous views of things, live in almost constant collision with their fellow-men. Some needlessly vex themselves with the waywardness of others, and by noticing every mistake or imperfection, excite their prejudice, and secure their enmity. But the man of genuine meekness, while he will be firm in the defence of truth, will carefully avoid both asperity and haughtiness. He will breathe, in his intercourse with men, a paternal spirit, and seek to relieve their sufferings. In scenes calculated to disconcert him, he will stand unmoved, and never degrade himself by moroseness and anger.

Blessed are the meek;—they are blessed with the character and temper of Jesus. It will render them at once morally beautiful, and objects of esteem. The Savior will give to them his peace, and raise them to honor.

Blessed are the meek; they are blessed with the likeness of God, who is never transported with passion, or disturbed in his feelings. The light of divine love will cheer he bosom of the meek man, and fill it with quietness and assurance. Under the pavilion of the Almighty, he will dwell safely, and drink from the unsealed fountains of life. At peace with himself, he can ride on the stormy sea of life, and cast his fastenings on those shores which are never lashed with storms and darkened with clouds.

Blessed are the meek;—they are blessed with a grateful sympathy with nature. Nature is quiet in its most stupendous operations, and most exquisite beauty. How calm the blue sky! How meek the flowers! By seeking the meek and amiable spirit of the Gospel, the good man is enabled to feel the hallowed influences of nature, and raised into sympathy with suns, stars, God, eternity! It is the privilege of nature.

'Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.'

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. 'As I sat enjoying, in my happy condition, I did thankfully remember what my Savior said:—'The meek shall inherit the earth.' They enjoy what others possess and enjoy not; for meek, quiet-spirited men, are free from those high, those useless thoughts which corrode the sweets of life.' Men may have deeds of the fields and hills, but there is a broad and beautiful landscape, a bland and quiet atmosphere, which mortgages and other land bills cannot affect, and cover. The birds sing for all. The flowers blossom in the field of the poorest, and by the wayside, and remind the weary pilgrim of sweeter fields, and brighter skies.

Whatever storms may fall on the meek man, he will be calm and contented in his station. He will enjoy the society of his fellow-men, and render those of them connected with him comfortable and happy. And when the solemn purposes of life are fulfilled, he will find it sweet to renew his friendships with the good in a better state, and dwell forever with his Guide and Savior.

ERASMUS.

From the Lutheran Observer.

PULPIT SKETCH.

Robert Hall.

I have ever regarded it as one of those rare circumstances, which render peculiarly happy the lives of some, that it has been my fortune to hear many of the most distinguished preachers of the present day, as well as of that by which it was immediately preceded.

Many glowing words have burned themselves into my soul, many images of eloquent, and holy men now rise before my mental eye; yet of no preacher does my memory preserve so vividly the recollection as of that truly great and good man Robert Hall. It was at the period when the untimely death of the Princess Charlotte had thrown all England into mourning, that in the course of my journey I visited Leicester, when Mr. Hall, after his melancholy, though temporary aberration of intellect, had accepted the pastorship of the Baptist Church. I was conducted by my host to the church, which showed plainly the enlargements which had been rendered necessary by the immense audiences attracted by Mr. Hall's great, and growing reputation as a preacher. When he had first taken charge of the society there, the chapel would scarce contain a few hundreds. but by three successive enlargements it can now accommodate more than a thousand persons. I had gone to the church at least an hour before the time, anticipating a crowded house, and a consequent difficulty in procuring a seat. In this I was mistaken, for the audience though large was not by any means so densely compacted and overflowing, as those which often attend the ministrations of less worthy and less distinguished preachers.

In truth Mr. Hall's preaching would have been more popular had it been less excellent. The organization of his mind is too perfect, its strength, and decidedly philosophic cast, too far above the range of common intellect, ever to enable him to become a favorite in a world like ours, where trickery and tinsel—stage strutting and affectation make a deeper impression on the popular mind, than the stern, and simple majesty of common sense. The preference usually shown for pictures over statuary is an instance, though an unrepulsive one, of the same tendency.

I amused myself until the entrance of Mr. Hall, by examining the interior of the church and the faces of the various persons as they entered. The Church was hung in the deepest mourning, as an expression of respect to the daughter of the royal house whose ashes were scarce yet cold in the grave. Every countenance wore a subdued expression of sorrow; and a hushed grief appeared to be struggling in every bosom. They came in as if unwilling to disturb the dread solemnity of the temple of the most high God, who had as recently and severely taught them that in his hands are the souls of the great, and that no title, no rank, no wealth and no love, can secure the victim. My own heart was painfully affected.

Whilst my mind was occupied by the observation of these things, I noticed a gentleman of about the medium height enter the central door of the church. His face was very pale, his form slightly bent as if by some affection of the spine, but his countenance was bold and striking, his eye remarkably expressive and piercing, and his carriage firm and dignified, though a glance was sufficient to convince me that he must have been a sufferer from severe and protracted disease. So remarkable indeed was the whole man, that I am surprised that it did not at once strike me that this must be Mr. Hall.

Whilst I was admiring him he advanced along the aisle, approached and entered the pulpit. It was the great preacher himself. Mr. Hall was rather inclined to corpulence, perhaps indeed would have been decidedly fat had his general health been good. The hymn was read without any peculiarity whatever, that is neither particularly well nor badly. The prayer was short, energetic, just what a prayer should be. No eloquence, in striving after effect, no affected, long drawn periods disgraced the prayer of Mr. Hall. It was neither a sermon with a great many ohs! and ahs! interspersed it through and Amen at the end; nor was it poetry, nor was it rhetoric—it was a prayer and nothing more. It was a prayer than which no preacher could offer a better—than which no preacher need offer a worse. It was a prayer from the heart, to the God who rules the heart; a prayer neither of genius or learning, but of the fervent and sincere soul. He arose to announce his text, and was ever apparently struggling with deep emotion whilst he did so. He hurriedly cast his eyes around on the sombre hangings of the church, and I think heaved a sigh. His voice trembled whilst he read his text.—"She hath given up the ghost: her sun has gone down while it was yet day." * and after reading it he paused for a moment as if scarce able to proceed. Expectation was awakened and every eye and ear seemed eager to catch the slightest motion and the first word of the speaker. His manner however at first was remarkable for nothing but its feebleness, reminding me of the first awkward attempt of a lad who speaks before college, who seems to wish to heaven that he had no hands, if one is to judge from the violent efforts he appears to make, to pull off his fingers, or at least hide them in his pantaloons pockets. His fingers were employed in awkwardly pulling the leaves of the Bible, and my first impression was one of complete disappointment. The opening thoughts were neither striking or remarkable for ingenuity, and I had almost come to the conclusion that he must be some stranger whom Mr. Hall had for that Sabbath procured to supply his pulpit. But I soon observed his fine eye kindling with emotion, his manner became wonderfully impressive; every gesture, every burning look, gave three fold vitality to the glorious ideas which, as they sprung up in his profound mind, were poured forth in an untiring stream. The plan of his sermon seemed perfect. There was however, no firstly, secondly or thirdly. Each wondrous thought sprung from the bosom of the other with such logical accuracy and clear outline that no numerical diversion could have increased the lucidness of his arrangement. He preached without notes of any kind, and as I afterwards learned, this great sermon to which I had the delight of listening was entirely extemporaneous. Yet this seems to me almost past belief, for the sentences flowed without effort in long and graceful modulations, combining a majesty of conception with a perfection of style, which no writing could have further elevated, and no polish rendered more faultless. It was that sermon "on the death of the princess Charlotte," which was this day preached by Mr. Hall, and which was afterwards printed at the urgent request of his congregation. A large part of the discourse was didactic, holding the intellect spell-bound by its elegance—but it was not until he poured forth those pathetic allusions to the dead princess and her bereaved family, now familiar to every one, that Mr. Hall appeared in all his greatness. His voice trembled and every soul caught the tone of tender melancholy which he expressed. I believe that every person in the house had arisen, and was bending forward with gleaming eye and every muscle rigid in the fixed attitude of attention. How every wonderful thought seemed to struggle in his bosom like the rich notes of a song bird first heaving and dilating its gentle breast—then gushing forth in strains of richest melody. All were melted and the cheek whether of gentle woman, or the man of the world in whose heart memory could not for years recall a single pulse of sympathy, was wet with tears that fell thick and fast.

The climax was attained, the art of the orator had secured its loftiest aim, for it had moved the heart. His eloquence can find but one parallel, and that is in a kindred art. It was like the "Creation" of the great composer. First jarring and unpleasing yet with here and there a softer note struggling through the half-formed sounds, and then a richer and more expressive strain, and then a mighty burst in which every string is struck that has a response chord in the soul—with sweet and plaintive and fanciful and wild gushes that now melt the soul with melancholy, now rouse to fresh life—and then again some dying strain melts upon the ear, so soft, so sad, so tender and overpowering that the full fountains of the soul swells over—in tears.

C.

* Jeremiah xv. 9.

February 12th, 1842.

THE PERFECT MAN.

From the German of Ullmann.

The character of Jesus, though thoroughly individual and unlike every other, has yet no such eccentric or peculiar feature, as results from a disproportional combination of the inward faculties. On the contrary there is in his nature the most perfect harmony and completeness; and his acts bear the stamp of universal propriety and rectitude. Who can say, that the peculiar characteristic of Jesus was soundness of judgment, or tenderness of feeling, or richness of fancy, or power of execution? But all these excellences are found in him, just in their due proportion, and they work together in uninterrupted harmony. High fervor and gracious mildness; heavenly serenity and absorbing sadness; elevation above earthly pleasure and conditions, and a pure, cheerful enjoyment of the same; real dignity and self-denying humbleness; vehement hatred towards sin and affectionate forbearance towards the sinner,—all these qualities are combined in his nature in one inseparable whole, in the most perfect subordination. Never was Jesus driven out of his own path; it was a quiet path and always even. All the manifestations of spiritual life have one great aim; his whole character has a unity that is perfect, complete within itself.

It is indeed true, as a saint who knew Christianity from the life, once said in his heart-winning way, "One might well consent to be branded and broken on the wheel merely from the idea of such a character as Christ's; and if any one should be able to mock and deride, he must be insane. Every man, whose heart is in the right state, will lie in the dust, and rejoice, and adore." It is true; even as a bare idea, the spiritual image of Jesus which the Bible holds out to us, is the most dignified and the most precious, which is known to our race. It is an idea, for which one may well be justified in offering up his life. For, we may boldly assert, this idea is the most sublime to which, in the province of morality and religion, the human mind has been raised. It is the jewel of humanity, and whoever knowingly tarnishes or disfigures it, commits an outrage against the majesty of the heaven-born soul of man, in its most bounteous manifestations. Let it be a fable, it is still the most noble truth, which has been either received or communicated by the human mind, and preponderates, even as a fable over a thousand verities of ordinary experience. But it is not a fable; it is not a bare idea; for the man who was able to produce, from his own invention, such a character, such a pattern, must himself have possessed this greatness of soul, if we deny that he observed it in another.—We must transfer the spiritual and moral greatness of Jesus to his biographer, if we deny it to himself. If we glance at the greatest characters which have been exquisitely portrayed to us by the creative power and art of the most gifted poets, do we find in these characters any thing like that which is developed in Jesus? And these plain, uncultivated Jewish evangelists, *they* forsooth, were able to invent it! How far, as an unaided man, did each of these writers of Memorabilia stand below Xenophon and Plato; and yet how high, in its silent majesty stands the simple image of Jesus, which the unlettered evangelist presents, above the character that is given to the wisest Greeks by the two masters of language and rhetoric!

(From the German.)

A FATHER'S COUNSEL.

Truth will not accommodate itself to us, my son, but we must conform ourself to truth.

Hold yourself too good to do evil.

What you can see look at with your own eyes.

Fear no man so much as yourself.

Learn gladly of others; and whenever they talk of wisdom, honor, happiness, light, freedom, virtue, listen attentively. But do not believe at once all that you hear. Words are only words, and when they drive along so very easily and swiftly, be on your guard; for horses that draw a valuable load travel slowly.

It is easy to despise, my son, but to understand is far better.

Teach not others, until you have learned yourself.

Take care of your body, but not as if it were your soul.

Meddle not with the affairs of others, but attend diligently to your own.

Flatter no man, and permit none to flatter you.

Depend on no great men.

Do what is worthy of reward, but care not to be rewarded.

Sit not with scorners, for they are the most miserable of all creatures.

Respect not canting religionists, but esteem and follow simple-hearted good men. A man who has the true fear of God in his heart, is like the sun; he gives light and heat, although he says nothing.

CHARITY.—Many a man lets the poor starve around him without a sigh; and when his day of departure draws near gives his whole substance to some foreign charity, which, to say the best of it, is calculated only to lay the foundation for knowledge among a bloody, bigoted, and unthankful race. Give us the living, every day charity; that which springeth from the well of the soul, and not that mean, miserable, deferred charity, which comes from the chamber of death in weeds of mourning, and causes the heirs to curse the parent for his liberality ere he is laid in his narrow chamber forever.

ON A SCOFFER.

The other day I could not help stopping a moment while a boy was striking fire with flint and steel. "Ay," thought I, "that steel and flint are an apt emblem of the hasty heart of Old Humphrey!" How often, instead of patiently making my observations on the things around me, am I put out of temper by passing events! Only an hour ago, my heart was set beating, and my pulse playing, half as fast again as they ought to move. It was a young man that vexed me.

There he sat, in a light-colored coat, his comely black hair frizzed on each side of his temples, a ring on his finger, and his gold watchchain thrown across his breast, atempting to prove to his companions that the Bible had not a word of truth in it, from one end to the other.

"What!" thought I, "does he suppose, after prophets have phrophesied, martyrs have bled, and reverend elders pondered, prayed, and wept over the Bible, that such a pigmy as he can pull down the high edifice of their hope, having for its everlasting foundations the 'Rock of Ages,' and 'Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone!'" Eph. ii. 20.

My heart grew angry, and the color came into my cheeks, but when I thought what a penalty must, by and by, be paid by the unrepenting infidel, I grew sorrowful, my passion gave way to my pity, and my pity led me to pray for all unbelievers.

Oh that, in hating and reproving sin, we all showed more of the spirit of Him who wept over Jerusalem!—*Old Humphrey.*

ON RELIGIOUS AND BENEVOLENT PUBLIC MEETINGS.

I never remember an instance of a number of bad men meeting together with a bad intention, without their trying to do some mischief, and should as soon expect to see a red hot iron thrust into a heap of gunpowder without an explosion, as for such a thing to take place. If you sow thistle-seed, thistles will spring up; if you plant thorns, thorns will grow; and evil intentions, just in the same way, will produce evil deeds.

But if this be true, and true it certainly is, then this reasoning may be applied to good as well as to evil. I never remember a number of godly men meeting together with a godly intention, without some good effect following; and should as soon expect that a fruitful vine would bear poison-berries, as that Christian men would lay their heads together, willingly to dishonor God, or to afflict mankind.

It is a glorious thing for those who desire to make the world better, and happier, and holier than it is, by spreading wider the kingdom of the Redeemer, to refresh themselves with each other's presence, opening their hearts freely, and kindling a brighter flame on the altar of devotion than might otherwise burn there.—*Ibid.*

AFRAID TO LEARN.

It is related that Galileo, who invented the telescope with which he observed the sattellites of Jupiter, invited a man who was opposed to him to look through it, that he might observe Jupiter's moons. The man positively refused, saying, 'If I should see them, how could I maintain my opinions, which I have advanced against your philosophy?' This is the case with many. They will not look at the truth. They will not hear it, for fear that the arguments which they have framed, will be destroyed, and they may be obliged to give up their vicious indulgences.

CHRISTIANITY, TRUTH FOR ALL.

This characteristic of Christianity—that it propounds truth to all, and demands to be considered, examined and accepted by men individually, is more peculiar than we, in modern times, can easily imagine; for this great principle, given to the world by the Gospel, has now so diffused itself through the atmosphere of the world of mind, that we breathe it unconsciously. But never, until it was proclaimed by the Apostles, had it been surmised, either by Greek or Jew, that Truth, sacred Truth, the brightest daughter of the skies, might be vulgarized, and offered to the acceptance of the mass of mankind.

In the ancient world, Truth, whether theological or physical, was, like the costly perfumes of the East, an exquisite luxury, which should be found only within marble palaces. But in the modern world, and this vast change is atttributable mainly to the spread of Christianity, truth has become, like the very breezes of heaven, common property, and is everywhere sweet, salutary, free; and enjoyed with equal zest in the cottage and the palace.

By no means so strange to the ear of the ancient world was the doctrine of the future life, and of the resurrection of the body, as was this doctrine, That Truth is every man's concernment, every man's right, and every man's most necessary possession. The apostolic voice, sounding throughout the ancient world, and calling upon 'all men everywhere to repent, and to believe the Gospel,' besides its direct religious import, carried an inevitable, though latent inference, which has effected the greatest of all the revolutions that have marked the intellectual condition of mankind. This challenge to repent and *to believe*, awakened in every bosom a sense of responsibility, altogether new;—putting as it did every human being in a position of direct relationship to God—the Judge of all; and fixing in the minds of all a deep conviction that the difference between truth and error, is of infinite consequence to men, individually.

The promulgation of this Christian principle gave a death-blow, on the one hand, to despotism, both spiritual and civil; and on the other to sophistry, whether philosophic or religious. For if every man be obliged, as he will answer it to God, to possess himself of truth, he must be free;—free—not only to think, but to speak;—free to move;—free to go in quest of truth;—free to bring it home;—free to confer with his fellows concerning it; and free to impart what he has acquired.

Again; if truth be for all, and if it be indispensable to each, it must break itself

away from ths erudite frivolities of schools; and will soon come to be discussed among those who neither could use, nor would endure, the astute methods of a factitious logic.

It is well known how early, and with what variety of devices, those who had usurped the direction of the human mind, labored to put out this candle, and to deny truth to all men. These endeavors actually triumphed. First, the pernicious "discipline of the secret," then Christianized Gnosticism, then Asceticism, then Hierarchical ambition, sealed the Gospel, in their turns; or, we might say, clothed the Sun in sackcloth.

The Lutheran Reformation broke in upon this mystery of pride, making a new proclamation of the apostolic doctrine, that the Gospel, as a system of momentous facts, is addressed to *man as man*, and that it concerns all men without distinction. Whatever incidental disorders may have attended the new promulgation of this animating principle, itself is not chargeable with any such irregularities; for to affirm that every man should take heed that he knows what is essential to his salvation, surely implies no disparagement of the legitimate means of conveying truth from those who know more, to those who know less. On this ground, our choice is not between peace and ignorance, on the one side; and knowledge and license on the other; but between the disorders of ignorance—tending always toward anarchy; and the disorders of knowledge, tending always toward a more settled adjustment of elements.

It is evident that, if two religious systems be compared, of which the one addresses itself to a few, on the ground of certain natural advantages, or of some artificial prerogative; while the other addresses all, on ground common to all; the latter must bear, with the greater stress, upon the conscience, because it descends deeper into human nature, and has to do with motives of a wider grasp. Christianity is, for this very reason, a spiritual religion—that is to say, it is a power touching every principle of our nature, and working from the very depths of our hearts, because it heeds no distinctions among those who are heirs in common to eternal justice, and are redeemed, one and all, by the precious blood of the same Savior.—*Isaac Taylor.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 9, 1842.

FAITH IN CHRIST.

We received the following paper several weeks since. By some accident it was mislaid, and hence the delay in its publication.

Boston, Feb. 20, 1842.

Messrs. Editors,—I am fully aware that the Unitarian denomination own no representative, empowered to speak in their name on matters of belief, that they do not pretend to perfect unity of creed. Still I must suppose that on the most important subjects there is some harmony of opinion among them; and I am going to inquire of you, because I know not whom else to ask, about a cardinal point of doctrine.

Faith in Christ—what view is usually taken of the meaning and nature of this? I have heard it inculcated with great eloquence and earnestness by a Unitarian preacher of our city, who, it seemed to me, did not explain with adequate clearness what he understood by the phrase. The complaint often raised against 'Orthodox' theologians, for laying so much stress on 'faith in Christ,' without defining, without seeming to know, what they mean by it, I thought would apply to the reverend gentleman I have spoken of. The Unitarians are known to be no lovers of mystery; their fault is that they do not recognize the essential mysteriousness of all religious, all transcendental truth. In this spirit they throw aside the old notions about faith in Christ, and profess to have more rational views of its nature and power. Yet the sermon I have alluded to was not the first hint I have heard from Unitarians of a supernatural efficacy in faith, faith in Jesus Christ.

With views of religion, of God's government, of the nature of Christ, such as Unitarians profess, I could not bring myself to own any superhuman efficacy in this faith. I must believe its power is no exception to the ordinary laws of the soul. I see no need of going beyond these laws. Taking the most simple view of Christ's nature, believing that he was a man, born like us, I see in his life and character enough to inspire a lofty faith, trust. Regarding him as the most wonderful specimen of humanity, the loftiest developement that has ever appeared, of the capabilities of man's nature, his history fills me with a confidence such as nothing else can do. In him I see man emulating the Deity himself, so shadowing forth the perfections of God as to be fairly called 'the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person.' I see him in the midst of outward trials the most crushing, of temptations the most seductive, never a moment swerving from the path of right; uncheered by sympathy, misunderstood to the last by his closest friends, thus standing companionless in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, treading the wine-press alone, now adored and run after, now hooted at and spit upon, and hurried to a malefactor's death, by a fickle people, yet never elated, never ruffled or cast down—and as I view this most wonderful being starting up from a carpenter's family of Nazareth, how can it but fill me with new trust in the perfectibility of our race? Newly impressed with the feeling, how dread and weighty a thing it is to be, to live with such powers of moral perfection, and encouraged by the memory of one who, tempted in all points like myself, was yet without sin, I come to the conflict of the world with new resolution and confidence. And then, when I mingle with my fellow-men, and seek to exercise moral power over them, how is my influence enhanced by my trust in human nature; how much more easily can I win their hearts than if I came to them suspectingly and with aversion, as to those wholly depraved and vile!

Such is my view of the power of faith in Jesus. It seems to me I can explain the efficacy which the scriptures claim for it on the common principles of human nature. If there be anything supernatural and mysterious about it, it mars in my mind the simplicity of the Christian religion, representing it not as adapting itself to the permanent laws of man's being, but as asserting a law, by which an unwonted spell is to be laid upon the soul. If such is the Unitarian belief, I am sorry to hear it. I hope that my questions may be answered, and my doubts cleared up.

P.

We know not that we can answer our correspondent's questions so as to clear up his doubts, for we are not certain that we understand his own position and views. As we read the above article, the writer makes the simple and sufficient element of faith in Christ, to be faith in the perfection of his character, 'as the most wonderful specimen of humanity, the loftiest developement that has ever appeared of the capabilities of man's nature.' We yield to none in reverence and admiration for the character of Christ, yet we should not be willing, we presume that Unitarians generally would not be willing, to admit that the above description embraced their whole idea of faith in Christ, or that it presented the most prominent and important feature of it. To a person who gave the above as embodying the whole of his idea of faith in Christ, we should put the question, 'where do you get your knowledge of, your conception of, and consequently, your faith in the character of Christ?' He must answer, 'from his history,' from the accounts given of 'him in the New Testament' We ask him further, 'you believe then in what is there written, in the facts of that history?' If he hesitates and demurs and questions whether the miracles are not fables, whether the supernatural part of the history was not framed by the Evangelists to give authority and power to the teachings and character of their master, we should ask, how he can separate the one from the other, and on what just principles of evidence he believes that he has true delineations of Christ's character, and false and fabled accounts of Christ's life, of the actions and scenes through which that character was exhibited?

'Faith in Christ' embraces more than faith in the perfection of his character. Our own idea is simply this. Faith in Christ is faith in the facts of his history, in the divinity of his mission, in the authority of his teachings respecting human duty, in the certainty of his disclosures respecting human destiny; faith that he lived and taught and acted and suffered and died and rose again from the dead, as he is recorded to have done in the New Testament. We do not, we suppose Unitarians generally, do not, attach any 'supernatural,' 'superhuman' efficacy to this faith. We do not consider it 'an exception to the ordinary laws of the soul.' Christian faith, faith in Christ is not different in its nature from faith in any body, or any thing else. It is different only in the objects to which it relates, and the unlimited and supreme influence which those objects should exercise over the heart and conscience.

For the Register and Observer.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

Your correspondent, J. P. B., in noticing the letters on the confession of Christ asks two questions which would seem to infer that the author of them considered that all those who did not participate in the Communion did virtually deny Christ—now, without any knowledge of the writer, it does not seem that such an inference can be fairly drawn, for the writer fully admits that there may be various modes of confessing Christ such as by our daily lives, our conversation, our public declarations as well as by the ordinances, and we no where find that unless we confess him in *all* these modes, we therefore deny him. Your correspondent however admits the obligation of a confession in some of these forms but we would ask why not in all, as opportunity offers? may not every way be at times obligatory as well as one? Your correspondent also says that it might be pertinent to show how that can properly be called a public confession which is usually made when the greater part of a congregation have retired—we think this can be readily shown, for in the first place it is readily seen by the congregation, who *remain* to partake of the Communion, and it is soon known by all, or most of them, who are the Communicants and it is a public confession as far as the act can be, at least so far as regards one another, as it would be did the whole congregation partake, the difference being merely in numbers—we doubt if the number of professing Christians which is stated to be but 2 1-2 millions out of 17 would be much increased by the addition of those Christians, who abstain from a participation in the Communion, though we fear the statement would be much diminished, if it is correct, by the removal of the merely professors.

But though we hold this ordinance to be much more than a confession of Christ, we would also ask your correspondent, who declares that he cherishes sentiments of faith and gratitude towards the Redeemer, and that he concurs in the idea that Christians are solemnly bound by the injunctions of Christ to confess him before men, why should he, or any Christian (for he is probably an exception) disregard the most solemn and affecting of all, 'Do this in remembrance of me.'

There is now no risk of life or even of personal comfort—obstacles which we doubt not your correspondent would overcome more easily than those of his own creation, 'precepts as he understands them;' and it is because we wish that these sentiments of love should overcome *all obstacles* in all men that we write thus plainly.

We conceive that the fault of the Church in modern times is not so much arrogance or spiritual pride as it is of timidity and scrupulousness—most especially is this the case with the great body of Christians of the middle and higher classes, indeed nearly all have imbibed that degree of general intelligence which lays them open to all influences and puts to the severest proof the integrity and simplicity of their spirit. This however does not apply to men of high attainments, of exalted minds, leaders in philosophy as well as in religion, nor to the most humble classes, those who are unlearned, but ingenuous and fervent minds, whose courage in matters of religion costs them no effort. It is therefore those in the Unitarian denomination, as much or more than in any other, to whom the public confession of Christ is a trial; but amongst whom we believe for this very reason it will be most beneficial; let each therefore confess Christ as will best promote his kingdom, but as we have before said we consider the Communion as well as Baptism to be much more than a mere confession; they are or should be an evidence of faith, love and obedience, a union with Christ the Head of the Church, as well as a confession that we receive him as such.

AMORY HALL.

In the last number of the Boston Quarterly Review, Mr. Brownson thus defines his position in regard to Unitarianism—in a note preliminary to an article on Mr. Parker.

'We wholly coincide with the views which our correspondent takes of Unitarianism, so far as regards its original phasis. We took substantially the same view, in the Christian Examiner, the Unitarian organ, for September, 1834, in an article reviewing Benjamin Constant's work on Religion. But we did not then, nor do we now, nor have we at any period since, thought it neccessary to cut ourselves loose from the Unitarian PARTY. With that party we have considered ourselves associated ever since we recovered our faith in Christianity, in 1831, and we have seen no reason for wishing to seek other religious connexions. We are by no means satisfied with the amount of Christian truth which they set forth in their struggles, with Orthodoxy, but in those struggles, theirs was the cause of Christ. They represent the true Christian movement of this country, of the Christian Church in America, and as such they have a right to command the active co-operation of every man, who loves God, and believes in the Lord Jesus Christ. They brought out that phasis of Christian truth most needed at the time, and in their contest with exclusive and intolerant Orthodoxy, they did noble battle for humanity. They have been the champions of freedom; they have interposed a shield between the rights of conscience and the enroachments of ecclesiastical tyranny, common to all other sects in the country and we have no hesitation in saying that the freedom of the Church of Christ under God, has been and is in their keeping. In our closets we may read the works of Calvin of Flavel, of Owen, and Gill even, with much approbation; but the moment we go forth into the midst of the Orthodox people of the day, and listen to their sayings, and observe their doings, we almost pray for infidelity as a blessing to the race. It is to the labors of Unitarians, that we, who sometimes complain of them, owe it, that there is one spot in this New World where men can think and speak freely; and let the Orthodox churches swallow up our Unitarian churches, and it would not be long before a padlock would be placed on every man's lips, who could not subscribe to the Westminister Confession, the Thirty Nine Articles, or bow to the ignorant but iron rule of Methodist Episcopacy.

We, therefore, while we freely acknowledge the deficiency of the Unitarian creed, in its old phasis, regarded as a definitive statement of Christian truth, hold to the Unitarian *movement*, and contend that the Unitarian community is the truest *Christian* church now on earth. In our efforts to advance the cause of Christ, they must be taken, to use a military phrase, as our *point d' appui*. Without them we have no basis for our operations, and can operate to no advantage.

In the next place, we hold that the form of Christian truth, which ought to prevail, and which must prevail, if the church is to live, must come out from the Unitarian views of the Gospel, and not from the Orthodox views. Orthodoxy cannot be moulded into the form of Christian faith, that will express the mind of Christ to this age. It belongs essentially to the past, and it has no longer any true life. The life of our Orthodox churches is spasmodic. They are recruited by means of artificial machinery, and if left to themselves would decay, dissolve, as the body when the soul has fled. By means of Revivals, which are a sort of voltaic pile, or galvanic battery, they are made to exhibit certain motions, and certain appearances of life; but no man need mistake the counterfeit. The vital spark has become extinct. From them we hope nothing. But in the Unitarian community there is true life. There is freedom. There is active and intense thought. This being so, the Unitarian community cannot remain in the first stages of its developement. There is no longer any vitality in the first forms it assumed. But it is rapidly assuming a new form, and must inevitably assume a form that will combine the freedom it has asserted, with the rich spiritual truths heretofore expressed by Orthodox symbols.

Mr. Parker and his immediate adherents are deeply impressed with the insufficiency of Unitarianism, as they find it, and seek to remedy the evil by carrying its original protest still further. This is their error; but one which they will soon correct; for to carry the protest farther than Unitarianism originally carried it, would be to go out of the pale of Christianity entirely, and to enter into the regions of mere NATURALISM. But in mere naturalism they cannot remain. They are evidently wrong; and in seeking to modify Unitarianism in that direction, they are seeking to make it retrogade instead of making it advance. They are really the party of the past, and not of the future, as they honestly believe themselves. Unitarianism must cease to be protestant, and become affirmative and catholic. It must advance in the direction of supernaturalism, and not in the direction of naturalism, but a supernaturalism, freed from the superstition and metaphysical absurdities of the Orthodox School. The problem it has to work out is the reconciliation of naturalism and supernaturalism. The solution of this problem we sought to indicate in our review of Mr. Parker's Sermon. If that review is understood by our readers as by ourselves, it points out the synthesis of the two. There is not a word in it that a single Unitarian need object to, and there is nothing in the creed of the Orthodox, which the Orthodox man really holds to be essential, that is not there recognised. But, whether we have worked out the problem or not, the Unitarian Community will soon do it; and then they will be in the condition to become the dominant Church of the country. Believing, as we firmly do, that it is only in the bosom of the Unitarian Church, that the problem can be worked out, we cannot but regret, that so many of our young men leave it to go and wander, they know not whither. This Church is our mother, and God forbid, that we should disown her. She may disown us if she will, but that is her affair and not ours.'

UNITARIAN STATISTICS.

Messrs. Editors.—In a late number of the Register, I noticed a communication signed 'L.,' desiring information in regard to the present state and progress of our denomination.

In your reply to that article, you mentioned that one of the denomination had recently turned his attention to the statistics of those holding our precious faith.

For many reasons I rejoice to learn this fact. I have long felt the need of *accurate, definite* information in regard to our denomination. To know the mere *number* of the Societies of our holy faith, seems to me not enough, I wish to know *where* those Societies are located, their condition, numerical strength, and above all the names of their pastors. It would be desirable to know these facts, not merely with regard to our own state, but as far as possible, to know, at least by name, those who anywhere preach that 'our Lord is one God' and who are called Unitarians.

No such record has, I believe ever been compiled, and I am at a loss for the reason of this neglect; other denominations are not thus strangely indifferent, nor do I think that we are excusable in being so. I am often asked for information, by those who intend removing to some town in our commonwealth, as to the Unitarian Society, if any, in that town, and I am pained to be unable to give them any information.

Mr. Grosh, of the Universalist sect, annually publishes a register of the number and situation of their parishes, a complete list of their clergymen and of their religious periodicals, and in fine containing all that information which is so much needed, especially by the clergy. May we not hope, then, that the statistics of which you speak, are soon to be published, and that they are to be accurate, copious and complete, and I trust that they will be published, first, in your valuable paper, and afterwards in a separate and more durable form.

By inserting and replying to the foregoing you will much oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The New York Evangelist devotes about half a column to this gentleman. 'We ourselves, have been permitted to listen to his clear voice and drink in his brilliant twistifications of verbiage and of thought,' and we fear the Evangelist drank deeply. There is considerable 'brilliant twistification of verbiage and of thought' in his article, as the reader will perceive in the following portion of it.

'This Emerson is not living in vain. He doth not understand for what, yet his life in Boston hath a transcendent meaning. The human mind became lifeless, and man's spiritual nature famished under Unitarian disbelief. It cried for something positive, something that would claim lofty principles, that would use terms more spiritual, that would bring it nearer to God. It manifested itself in Emersonianism. Shuddering at the bleak desolation of a frivolous religion, the mind of Emerson sprang upward, calling for life, and uttering forth mysteries respecting the soul, and the incarnation and the inspiration of God, which turned the facts of the gospel into folly, or generalized them so much, as to make nothing peculiar or miraculous about them. From simple humanitarianism he started and became meshed in the coils of Pantheism. From a creed which excluded inspiration almost entirely, he issued into one which claimed it in everything where the reason spoke and acted—the caterpillar became a butterfly, and both are useful in their season and after their kind.

But the butterfly shall never cope with the eagle. The waxen wings of the transcendental philosopher, who darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge, will melt while he yet fluttereth ten thousand leagues below the sun. The holy law of God; the iron rock of mediatorial certainty and necessity; the sovereign power of the Holy Spirit—these are not to be removed out of their place, by the flapping of such wings, however gilt with many hues of poetry. He will flutter and glitter and vanish. But his rise and fall will indicate to others that there is a spiritual life imparted by the Holy Spirit—that there is in man's nature a deep and earnest call for the manifestation of one Triune God. It calls for substantial, peculiar, and adequate facts. These the gospel presents. This gospel awaits again around the doors of ancient Pilgrim tabernacles, for the day is not far distant when the Owl and the Bat shall both be chased from their usurped habitations. Soon shall we behold again the old giant principles of our fathers, 'which have lien among the pots,' mount on wings as eagles, and burnished with yellow gold, re-ascend the altars of truth, and rekindle their ancient glory.'

Now the amount of all this 'twistification,' so far as we can understand is, that because Mr. Emerson has become 'meshed in the evils of Pantheism,' therefore all Unitarians will return to (shall we say the evils of?) Calvinism—surely the Evangelist after this, ought not to reproach Mr. Emerson because 'he setteth up an ideal' or 'undertaketh to smell into all sorts of religion.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

Needham, (E. Parish.) March, 1842.

Dear Sir,—As one is led by circumstances of pleasure from place to place among our New England villages, there is nothing more natural than to observe their sources of prosperity and happiness. This place is only twelve miles from the city, but being a quiet, rural village, has been but little known until the recent construction of the Worcester Rail Road, through its Northern boundary, where it has a stopping place, and which has brought it within an hour's ride of Boston. It owes its prosperity mainly to its soil, which for the most part is of a good quality, and only needs the hand of toil and enterprise to bring from it a generous return. The nearer proximity to a good market, to which it has been brought by the Rail Road is stimulating the farmer to renewed exertions, and cannot fail to do much to improve and enrich the land. Its public and private schools are another source of its highest welfare. Here, as in all our towns, they are beginning to feel the new and blessed influences which are at work in regard to the great subject of Education. Better school houses have been, or are in the way, of erection, and better teachers are now, with greater care, sought and obtained. The Academy of the Rev. Mr. Kimball is favorably known to the community, as during the last twelve or fifteen years, so many have passed through it, and while receiving the best instruction from its accomplished principal, will long have reason to bless the kind and parental assiduity and feeling which watched over their highest physical moral and religious welfare. The situation is healthy, retired, and every way admirably adapted for the purpose. The Lyceum is another means which has awakened among this people a higher sense of intellectual and moral excellence. This has been under the care of the gentleman just referred to, who has, during the past season, given a course of Lectures on the history of the town. They excited, we are told, a deep interest on their delivery; and if published, as they should be, would add another to those authentic and valuable documents by which alone the whole history of our country can be fully verified—especially the story of the Revolution. The church (Unitarian) the only one in the village, is of good size, perfectly neat and pleasantly situated. It is now without a Pastor, its late one, the lamented Mr. Ritchie, having recently demised. The people are awake to their religious wants; value the Institution as among the highest sources of their true welfare, and only need an earnest and truly sympathizing Pastor, to have accomplished among them, the best results of the Christian ministry. Its Sunday school is in good condition having nearly one hundred pupils and twelve teachers. Its present Superintendent, Mr. E. K. Whitaker, is doing, in a most efficient and judicious manner, much to excite a deeper interest in the school, and with the most gratifying success. His lectures, or general exercises to the children are listened to by most of the congregation. It is good to witness the spirit of a true and enlarged benevolence and activity at work, diffusing the elements of light, of kindness, and of improvement amongst the poorest and most forlorn as well as the more favored and prosperous, and by this means enlarging the fountains of happiness and prosperity throughout a whole village. The Washingtonian movement (under the fostering care of this gentleman,) is removing from this place, that, which in every one, is the principal source of the ignorance, poverty and crime which we are still obliged to witness in our otherwise happy villages. May this example speak to us in the still small voice of charity and disinterested philanthropy, 'Go ye and do likewise.'

Respectfully yours, —— ——.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The History of the Jews, from the taking of Jerusalem by Titus to the present time—with an account of the various efforts made for their Conversion. First American, from the Edinburgh Edition, by W. C. Brownlee, D. D. New York. M. A. Berk, 1842.

Our interest in the Jews, reverts chiefly to the past, and our knowledge of them is in a great measure confined to that portion of their history embraced in the sacred Scriptures. Upon their present condition and prospects too much ignorance and apathy prevail. While the spirit of philanthropy has been striving to benefit and bless every other portion of the world, and every department of life, it has overlooked, to a great extent, the Jews, as if all efforts in their behalf were hopeless and unavailing. An Idea is cherished almost unconsciously in many minds, that whatever is to be done for them, is to be done specially by God's providence, without the instrumentality of man, in ways we can not foresee nor aid. This is a mistake. The Gospel is now committed to our charge, and through our efforts does God now work for its spirit and power both among Jews and Gentiles. Dr. Brownlee has done good service, therefore in preparing an American edition of popular history, which is chiefly valuable for its account of the present condition of the Jews, and of the efforts making in their behalf. We wish that upon these points it were more full, especially in its account of 'the Deputation to Palestine to inquire into the state of the Jews there,' sent out in 1839, by the 'Committee of the General Assembly of Scotland, for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.'

Dr. Brownlee gives the following account of the recent proceedings of the 'London Society, for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.'

'The most interesting circumstance, connected with the proceedings of the London Society, is the establishment by it of a mission at Jerusalem. The Rev. Mr. Nicolayson was ordained some years ago by the Bishop of London (under whose episcopal jurisdiction he and the missionaries of the Society at Constantinople and Tunis are placed), and has ever since labored diligently and devotedly in the holy city and its neighborhood. He has recently obtained an assistant, Mr. G. W. Pieritz, a convert from Judaism. Mr. Nicolayson conducts divine service according to the ritual of the English church, making use of the Hebrew version of the Liturgy. A considerable sum has been lately raised in England for the erection of a chapel on Mount Zion, and the building is probably now completed. Thus the Jews of Palestine will behold a Protestant church in their beloved city; and will be enabled to perceive, that all Christians do not practise the despicable mumeries of the Romish and Greek communions, which have so long contributed to make them view the Gospel with abhorrence, by leading them to associate the idea of it with superstition and idolatry. Mr. Nicolayson's efforts have not been without success. He has admitted thirteen converts into the visible church by baptism; and his preaching is attended by many of their brethren. His labors will be in some measure facilitated by the disposition of the Jews in Palestine to regard the English as their friends. It has been recently stated on the best authority, that 'the very name of an Englishman carries with it the idea of kindness, protection, and sympathy to the ear of the too-often insulted Jews.' A British vice-consul, Mr. Young, has been lately stationed at Jerusalem; and has been instructed by government to extend, as far as lies in his power, his protection to the Jews.

There are at present eight converted Israelites who are clergymen of the English church. The most distinguished of these is the Rev. Dr. Joseph Wolff, who, after having travelled as a missionary to the Jews eighteen years, in all the four quarters of the globe, is now established in a quiet English parsonage, as incumbent of Linthwaite, near Huddersfield in Yorkshire. Another is the Rev. M. S. Alexander, Professor of Hebrew and rabbinical literature in King's College, London. A third is the Rev. H. S. Joseph, minister of St. Simon's, Liverpool, who has a regular weekly service in Hebrew, and had, some time ago, sixteen Jewish communicants in his congregation.'

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Miscellaneous Poems, by Mrs. Jane Ermina Locke. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co., 1842.

Many of these poems have already been published in various periodicals. They are of unequal merit, but a high moral tone, sustained by vigor of thought, a chastened imagination and beautiful versification marks them all. Mrs. Locke is already widely and favorably known, and many who have admired her fugitive pieces, will thank her for having presented them to the public in a permanent and connected form. We had marked for insertion one of the Poems we do not remember having seen before, and regret that we have not room for it.

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Observations on the Bible, for the use of Young Persons. Boston. 1842.

We received a copy of this book from the author, and beg leave publicly to thank him for his valuable present. We have read it with great satisfaction. It was prepared, as the Preface informs us, for the use of the author's children, and a few copies have been printed. We hope to see it published and extensively circulated. It would do great good. A book of this kind, a brief and popular work on the Bible, coming from a *layman*, who unites with a thorough knowledge of his subject, a sound judgment, and that important quality, which for the reason, we suppose, that it is rarely to be met with, we call strong *common sense*, is just the sort of book much wanted at the present day. The author of these 'Observations' has made a noble and honorable use of his leisure and learning in meeting this want. His book was prepared for young persons; while admirably adapted to them, it will convey instruction and benefit to all. We have made some extracts on our first page.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The April number of this able Journal made its appearance on the first day of the month. It is a solid number, full of important and valuable matter, though not perhaps of so popular a cast as some of the recent numbers. The article in which we of course, feel the most interest and have read with the greatest pleasure, is the one on Natural Theology, a continuation of the one on the same subject in the last number. These articles must be acknowledged by all, even those who do not agree with the author, to be written with great ability and candor. To ourselves they are in the highest degree satisfactory. The following extract is from the article in the present number.

'But we protest against mingling the doctrines of theology with any metaphysical speculations,—against identifying the cause of religious truth with the defence of any human system. It matters not whether Locke or Descartes, Spinoza or Kant, Cousin or Schelling, be the individual selected, through whose theories we are to attack, defend, or modify man's faith in things which are not of this world. The mixture is of two incongruous things, and nothing can result from it but a bastard compound, which will have all the defects, but none of the excellences, of either ingredient. In calling for a separation, nothing more is claimed for theology, than is granted by universal consent to the other sciences. Why is the theologian only to be followed with the constant accusation of being deluded by the sensual system, when he simply opens his eyes upon the universe around him, and reasons upon the information afforded by the senses? Why not accuse the naturalist, the astronomer, the artist, of the same thing? These provinces of science are kept as distinct as possible from theory and pure speculation, and are made to consist of observed facts, and immediate deductions from those facts. Metaphysical systems are contrived from time to time, with a view to cover the whole field of knowledge; but the authors of them do not attempt directly to change the methods, modify the principles, or do away with the results of the inductive sciences. They are known to carry with them the habits of mind peculiar to their profession,—what Bacon expressly calls, 'the smoke and tarnish of the furnace;' the tendency to generalize rapidly, to make sweeping innovations, to form new and entire theories, unchecked by the presence of determinate and admitted facts, which in other branches of knowledge oppose an effectual barrier to the license of innovation and system-making. 'Theology has its facts, also, the most real and momentous of all. The beacon light of religious truth burns clear and steadily in its fixed and elevated position; while the *ignes fatui* of philosophical speculation are glancing about through brake, morass, and thicket, too often indicating the presence of *miasmata* from swamps or poisonous exhalations from graveyards.

Those who talk so much of the *philosophy of religion*, and of the necessity that it should keep pace with the constant advancement of the human mind, either use words without any meaning attached to them, or else they confound two perfectly distinct things,—religious progress in the individual soul, and the improvement of theology as a science. The former is possible to an unlimited extent. The whole of human life is a probation, the law of which is progress. But the only rational conception of Christian Theology is that of something more fixed and durable than the everlasting hills. The great truth of the being of a God, the great law of the Scriptures, lie there as standards, as ultimate points, beyond which there is no advancement, and from which there is no appeal. An individual may come to have a more perfect knowledge of the relations which connect him to the Deity; though even here the improvement is rather of the heart, than of the intellect. But there are no discoveries to be made respecting the Divine nature, in the same sense as we speak of discoveries in human science. 'Who can by searching find out God? Or who can understand the Almighty to perfection?' We can take away the conception of a God, and substitute an abstract idea, or a block of wood,—it matters not which,—in its place; but we cannot amend or enlarge that conception, as it exists in a mind of ordinary powers and cultivation. There is no progress possible beyond monotheism, just as there was a progress from Fetichism to polytheism, and from that to the true doctrine of one God.

In like manner, the Scriptures form an ultimate tribunal in Christian Theology. Questions about their interpretation may arise, but the sense, when ascertained, is admitted to be absolute and decisive. Some persons may reject their authority; they may make the same discovery as Tindal, the English Deist, that Christianity is 'as old as the creation.' But it does not follow from such a discovery, that they have made any progress in theology; they have simply ceased to be Christians. To unite theology with metaphysics is to break away from the two great anchors of religious faith, and then to drift about at random with a science, that acknowledges no restraint, has no fixed principles, and has never found a stay or a resting-place. Not all the authority ascribed to intuitive conceptions, not all the pride of demonstrative reasoning founded upon them, will be sufficient to check the frequency of errors and fluctuations, or to afford a fixed basis for future inquiry. The subject of investigation is too vast, the method of procedure too ill-determined, the idea of the results to be gained is too vague, to allow us to hope, that speculative philosophy will ever advance with a firmer step, or to a better purpose, than it has done through all past time. In the future as in the past, metaphysical demonstrations will be found to prove one thing with a Descartes, and directly the opposite thing with a Kant. The attempt is equally absurd and impious to break down the landmarks of religious faith, and to involve the dearest hopes of mankind in the uncertain and shifting fortunes of such an enterprise.'

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The crisis of Heaven's Love and Earth's Hate, in the Trial and Crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ. By Enoch Mack. Boston: Published by Moses A. Dow. 1842.

We do not like the title of this book, nor can we say that we have been much pleased by the poem itself. It has some good verses, and the orthodox doctrines respecting the divinity of Christ and the atonement are less prominent in it, than from the title we expected to find them. But the writer is overborne by his subject. He never rises in thought or expression to the dignity and grandeur of his theme.

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Boston Miscellany of Literature and Fashion. Number IV.

This work, for April, is just issued from the press of Bradbury, Soden & Co. The style of mechanical execution is of the first order. The embellishments are two beautiful engravings on steel, 'The Third Sleighride' and 'The Enquiry;' also an engraving on wood, showing the fashions for April. So much for the outside. Of the more important part, the inside, we can only speak of *part*. If it is all of equal interest with the parts we have read, this number will well sustain the reputation the work had already justly gained. The contents are as follows:

The Old English Dramatists—To an Eagle—Sonnet—The King's Bride—Music—Vasco De Gama—Vespers on the

shore of the Mediterranean—The Third Sleighride—The Enquiry—Literary Notices, &c.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.

A few weeks since, a meeting was held at the Hall in Temple Avenue, of persons, who felt that more strenuous efforts should be made by us to meet the religious wants of New England and other portions of our country; that for the spread of the Gospel in its simplicity and purity and solemn truths, and the for promotion of that righteousness and piety which it requires, greater missionary exertions should be made, more liberal aid extended to feeble societies, and more enlarged means provided for preparing persons for the Christian ministry. A large number of our clergy and laity of the city, and from neighboring towns were present, and several important and interesting statements were made by Rev. Mr. Briggs, and others. A committee of nine was appointed to report a plan of operations, with a statement of facts and reasons. This Committee is now prepared to report, and an adjourned meeting will be held at the Hall in Temple Avenue on Tuesday evening next, at 7 o'clock, at which their report will be presented. We hope to see a large and full meeting, and call upon all who feel interested in these important objects to attend.

BOOKS, PERIODICALS, TRACTS, &C., SENT WEST, DURING THE LAST MONTH, BY THE A. U. A. AND THE BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

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3141.

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3 " Christian Layman.

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6 vols. Unitarian Miscellany, bound.

OBITUARIES.

Messrs. Editors,—I send you the following brief notice of an esteemed friend and parishioner who has just left us in the faith and hope of a Christian believer.

For the Register and Observer.

MRS. EUNICE H. NEWTON.

Mrs. Eunice H. Newton, wife of Mr. Paul Newton died in N. March 23, aged 34. Faithful in the domestic relations, conscientious, discreet, kind-hearted, adorning a christian profession by the beauty of holiness, her early death has filled many hearts with sorrow. But her friends will not sorrow as those who have no hope. Without the beautiful evidence she gave in her last sickness of a humble, hopeful, trustful spirit, her upright, useful Christ-like life and conversation, would have given us the assurance that she was a child of God and an heir of his Kingdom But to this best, this only satisfactory evidence, she was permitted to add the testimony of a peaseful and happy death. Through the wearisome days and nights of a protracted sickness, her trust in God was unbroken. Although her tender conscience reproached her for neglected opportunities of usefulness, and while her affections clung, as well they might, to the precious babes, and the dear friends, from whom death would separate her at least for a season, yet God gave her strength to meet the trial, and ere the time of her departure came, she had attained to a quiet assurrance, a holy calm within the breast, which nothing could disturb, and which it was beautiful and edifying to behold.

On one of the last visits which I made to her a few days before her death—it was after the public services of the last Lord's day—she expressed a desire to dedicate by a formal act, as she had already in her heart, the infant of a few weeks old, from which she was soon to part. She saw the waters of baptism sprinkled on this innocent brow. She listened with uplifted eye and clasped hands to the few words in which the blessing of heaven was invoked on the dying mother and her unconscious babe, and new strength and a serener peace were infused into her bosom. Every wish of her heart seemed now to be gratified. 'I have nothing more to desire,' she said, as she gave back the infant to the nurse's arms, after a long embrace. 'I am now ready to depart. I long to be released from the burden of mortality.'

She was soon after visited by her mother, who, at her request, sung to her a parting hymn, in which the feeble voice of the dying daughter joined in harmony. Thrice favored mother! though bereaved in quick succession of four beloved daughters, taken in the bright morning of life, in the season of enjoyment and hope, she does not like Rachel weep for her children and refuse to be comforted because they are not! Thrice happy mother! whose daughters, though early called away had hope in their death. A hope that was an anchor to their souls, and that shed a heavenly radiance on their passage to the tomb! In the trials which yet await this bereaved mother, may she have the same divine supports, the same mild consolation!

Northborough, March, 25, 1842. J. A.

For the Register and Observer.

MR. JOSHUA LOVETT.

Died in Beverly, 24th ult, Mr Joshua Lovett, aged 59. Seldom does an individual leave the world with a character less open to reproach and of more real worth. Purity, rectitude, and Christian principle pervaded—as its very breath—his life. In his business habits, and in whatever he undertook, he was singularly punctual and thorough; and as was to have been expected from such habits united to good native ability, success attended his exertions. In his relations to others, he was tender and faithful. Though of a retiring disposition, he was ever ready to bear his part in all burdens and labors for the general good. He early in life connected himself with the First Church in Beverly, and for the last twelve years has officiated as one of its Deacons. How beautifully he exemplified the holy and unblameable walk which becomes the professed follower of Christ, those who were associated with him and witnessed his life will freely attest. The sufferings of his last illness—which was of a fortnight's duration—he bore with great patience; and with unclouded reason—in Christian faith and hope—and entire submission to the divine will, he calmly awaited his departure to that better world on which we may well trust he has entered to be forever happy.

It should be added, that from conviction and after much investigation he had long since embraced Unitarian views of Christianity, and never after in life or death wavered in his adherence to them. And most justly may we feel our confidence in the faith to which we are attached renewed and strengthened when we see it, as in the present instance, bearing such fruits.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Protection to American Industry.—The Old Colony Memorial, in an able article on the history of "protection" has the following remarks:

"We lay down this general principle—no new one either—that the industry of a nation is its vital principle—its life blood. It follows, then, that as this is fostered or deranged, so is the government prosperous or the reverse. It is also true, that, other things being equal, that people is the wealthiest, the worthiest, and, in all respects, the best, which is the most industrious. That people is the most industrious where industry is the best protected, because it is operated upon by the most powerful inducements.

This much, we presume, will be granted. The true policy, then, of every government, is that which shall develope the greatest degree of productive industry.

Alluding to the policy of the framers of our Constitution, this writer says:

"The power of *protective* legislation was the grand object of their deliberations, and whatsoever others may believe, we do not entertain the remotest doubt that protection was contemplated in the laying of duties for revenue, and that while imposts were to be equal throughout the United States, they were to be laid in a spirit of just and wise discrimination.

By protection, we do not mean protection of manufactures or of commerce, or of agriculture, in particular, but the whole, as a whole, embracing every branch of industry whatever,"

The Memorial proceeds to give extracts showing the opinions of prominent men, from the Revolution down, and adds:

"Among the rest, we shall quote largely from Mr. Jefferson, whose authority is now invoked by the advocates of free trade, showing that no man has ever expressed himself more decidedly in favor of protection. A letter written by him in especial reference to this subject, has recently fallen underour observation, which must set all controversy as to his views upon this point, at rest."

Amid all the depression and discouragement that rest on the industry of the country, there are some cheering circumstances, among which is the important fact that a large portion of our community are waking up from their lethargy, and beginning to acquire right views on the subject. Among the evidences of this we refer to the "Address to the people of Massachusetts," by the Shoe and Leather Dealers' Convention, recently held in Boston. We wish we had room for the whole of the Address. We can give only a few of its most prominent matter of fact statements.

Shoe and Leather Dealers Convention.—The question, of the protection which is to be afforded to our manufacturing industry, is one of immense importance; more so, by far, than is generally supposed even by ourselves.

The manufactures of New England are her great interest. In Massachusetts alone, the population engaged in this department of labor amounted, in 1837, to 117,000. But the manufacturing interest is not confined to products of cotton and wool. A wrong impression has prevailed on this subject.

In Massachusetts, in 1837, the amount of cotton and woolen fabrics was but $20,000,000, being less than one third of the whole amount of the manufactures of the Commonwealth, and employing but about one-fourth part of all the persons engaged in manufactures within the State.

This erroneous opinion has operated unfavorably in Congress, and induced among its members a belief that all the clamor for protection arose from the rich manufacturing corporations.

It has operated unfavorably among the people, by leading them to suppose that they had no great interest in the question, except as indirectly connected with those engaged in the manufacture of cotton or wool. Hence, thousands have been indifferent on a question really of more vital importance to themselves, than to those interested in the branches of industry before referred to.

The manufacturers of shoes and leather, whose products in this State in 1837 amounted to $18,000,000, also those employed in the manufacture of straw, a trade which amounted at the time mentioned to $2,000,000, are far more deeply interested than those whose products are aided by machinery, and large fixed capitals. Those branches—and they are numerous in the Commonwealth—which are carried on exclusively by manual labor, will feel most severely the effects of foreign competition.

There is one class, on which the weight of this calamity will fall with peculiar severity. That class is the women of our country, who get their living, as many hundreds of thousands do with great comfort and respectability, by the work of their own hands. This large and interesting class, heretofore not overpaid for their services, must not only experience a great falling off in price, but in many instances an absolute annihilation of demand for their labor. They cannot subsist, if compelled to work in competition with the laboring females of Europe, who receive from four to six cents per day for their services.

There are in this Commonwealth, as officially ascertained, about 40,000 women engaged in manufactures; 15,000 of whom are engaged in the manufacture of Shoes. How great, then, must be the whole number employed in the United States; and what an amount of privation and suffering must be involved in the turning out of employ, or in employing at half price, this immense number of industrious women!

Humanity recoils at the contemplation of such scenes—and yet come they must, and come they will, unless Congress, in the spirit of wisdom and justice, shall discriminate in favor of their industry, in the duties laid for the support of Government.

The rapid increase of importations since the Tariff was changed, shows that unless legislation prevents it, all the finer descriptions of boots and shoes will be imported from France.

The following passages from tne Address, will set this in a striking light.

As an instance, we would state that an individual in Boston, who, in 1835, sold but three hundred dollars worth of French Boots, during the last year imported and sold more than ten thousand dollars worth of that artiele alone.

The last vessel that arrived in the port of Boston from Erance, contained about five thousand pairs of Paris boots and shoes!

Our heavy work, our thick shoes, brogans and boots, will be superseded by foreign importations! Already have orders been sent out to Germany for such goods for the fall trade, as have heretofore been manufactured in Danvers, Grafton, Holliston, Brookfield, and other towns in this Commonwealth.

As an evidence of the low price of labor in Germany, we would here state that two workmen from that country are now employed in Boston at ten dollars a week, who, when at home could obtain but a dollar and a half a week and board themselves.

But what is true of our department of labor, is equally true of nearly all other branches of manufacturing industry, which are carried on by hand.

Gov. Davis' Letter.

The following is the letter of Gov. Davis, on the subject of protection of American labor, referred to in our last. Its sentiments are in harmony with what we have given above.

To GEN. JAS. TALLMADGE,
American Institute, New York.

WORCESTER, March 21, 1842.

My dear Sir:—Yours of the 8th reached me only a few days ago, and I immediately made known your views in Boston. I am heartily rejoiced to see the spirit of the country rousing up. When I saw with what tranquility we were descending towards the verge of Mr. Clay's Compromise act, I began to think nothing but the distress of long experience could recall the sense of the people; and it is that which has electrified them at this early day. An empty Treasury, and competition with the starved labor of Europe, will wake our country ever up, and put them upon the enquiry.

There is no doubt a tendency to overproduction of manufactures in the old continent, and they must balance better between them and food. England is in a sad condition, having a vast surplus population with vast encouragements for manufacturing, while her markets abroad have been diminished by a great increase of the same industry elsewhere. She monopolizes her immense colonial trade, but it happens that none of her Atlantic colonies are producers of ordinary food, and hence her system presses heavily upon her population on this point, and I see no hope of present relief. If, however, she can obtain raw cotton from India, and supply in return her manufactured goods, her system will acquire a new impulse, for she will have a hundred millions to provide for.

Our condition is exactly the opposite; agriculture here predominates, and our policy should be to encourage other pursuits to maintain agriculture, and this we may do till we reach a point of excess—which will not be in our day.

It gives me great satisfaction to see other parts of the country moving, and especially New York, for it is the business of the agricultural States to move and to support a division of labor, for this is the only process by which they can sustain themselves. To talk of Protection to manufacturers, under the idea that they are reaping special benefits, is idle. The policy goes greatly beyond the purpose of aiding a particular class of persons, for the inquiry is, shall we in substance be all farmers, or shall we divide into various employments that our wants may be supplied? If the farmers feel no need of this division, then let us give it up, for the manufacturers and mechanics can live as well by the land as they. I have always thought protection to manufacturers was an unfortunate misnomer, for it is labor of all sorts that we aim to sustain and support—as much one class as another—and let us hold firmly to that. We go for the great interests labor, and if we can take care of that there is nothing to fear, for the country will be prosperous and happy. Let us then under no name lose sight of our object, or of our identity. We aim at free, prosperous labor; while free trade aims at cheap goods, made cheap by cheap labor. In the eye of free trade, the suffering, starvation, and utter neglect of the laborers, as well as their moral and intellectual degradation, are nothing. A cent a yard in calico outweighs all these mighty matters, and this avarice is left to triumph over humanity and morality. England asks for free trade just to the extent that she wants the markets of other countries, and no further. Her position is the opposite of ours; her surplus is goods, while ours is produce. She wants vent for these goods in our markets, but takes care that our food shall not interfere with her agriculture.

The United States are in a deplorable condition. No currency—no confidence—and every thing depressed, dark and gloomy. The treasury is empty and the finances distracted, but it is all working out one great problem,—and that is that we must take care of ourselves by fostering our industry. Opinion is rapidly turning to this as the great remedial measure which is to dispel the clouds which have gathered around us, and give us the bright sunshine again. God speed your efforts. I write in great haste, and remain your friend and ob't serv't. J. DAVIS.

On this same subject of protection, the English Government is constantly on the alert. They watch with the utmost carefulness every inlet of foreign articles which may affect the market of their own productions. An instance of this has lately occurred. Mr. Gladstone, of the British Parliament, has introduced a bill which will strike a fatal blow at the lucrative trade between our Northern States and Canada. The plan is "to lay specific duties upon all the principal articles of produce, such as salt meat, grain and flour, sent from the United States into Canada." On this subject the Buffalo Democrat says:—

"Considerable quantities of flour have annually been sent to England, through Canada, as colonial produce, by which the Canadians have been large gainers, reaping the benefit of the carrying trade, while the Northern States have been enabled to dispose of some of their surplus produce. But even this boon is to be denied us. England, not satisfied with hedging herself in by a wall of prohibitory duties, extends the same system to all her colonies with whom the United States have intercourse. She has already shut the ports of the West Indies against the American trade, and is now about to close those of Canada."

Can we witness this state of things unmoved? Can we settle down in apathy under it without criminality?

Arrival of Lord Ashburton.—The English plenipotentiary, Lord Ashburton, arrived at Annapolis, Maryland, on the 21 inst., after a tedious passage of 52 days. He was expected to proceed directly to Washington on Monday last.

Texas.—The late invasion of Texas, by Mexico, has turned the attention of our community, in a considerable degree to that country, and has thus created an interest, in all communications and statements of an authentic character respecting it. We have been favored with the perusal of several letters of recent date, from Galveston, from a gentleman of great respectability now a resident there, to a friend in this city. They contain much valuable information respecting that country. We quote, with permission, some passages which cannot fail to be read with interest. He says:

Four years since, when I landed at Galveston, there was not a house on the island, only three shanties. A large sunken Steam Boat at the shore whose Cabin was above water, was the Hotel. Now there are nearly 600 houses and stores, and four or five churches nearly completed, with a population of 3,000, three large wharves, and generally from 15 to 20 sail of vessels in port. Two large Steamers, the Neptune and New York, ply weekly between this place and New Orleans, and five other Steam Boats navigate the waters of and leading into Galveston Bay and the Brassos River. There is good society on the island, equal to that of Mobile in 1824, when I first went there, and indeed better; and the comforts of living are superior. The Tremont House in Galveston, is a better Hotel than there was in Mobile in 1838.

In regard to the trade of Galveston the writer says:

"The exports of Texas will be greater in two years than those of Mobile were in 1824. I think it not extravagant to calculate that they will exceed those of Charleston in *seven*, perhaps in *five* years."

This may appear to some to be speaking too sanguinely, but the reasonableness of the expectation may be judged by the following statement of facts by the same writer, in a letter near the same date.

'Within less than sixty days there have been loaded with cotton from this port, two vessels for Baltimore, two for New York, one for Liverpool, three for Havana, and a Barque for Bremen. Three other vessels are already chartered to arrive and be loaded, and besides these it is expected that from five to seven more cargoes will be shipped during the present shipping season, to the respective ports above mentioned."

A letter dated Feb. 26th, speaks thus of the imports of Galveston.

"Within two weeks we have had a brig from Marseilles, with a full cargo of wine, brandy, preserved fruits, pickles, &c.; a large barque from Havana, with emigrants and an assorted cargo of merchandize; a brig from Bremen, with some emigrants and a full cargo of Dutch eatables, notions, &c.; a brig from London full of emigrants and cargo."

In a letter dated Jan. 16, we have the following reference to the climate of Texas.

'There has been scarcely any rain since August, and yet the country has not suffered for rain at all; on the contrary, the dry weather has been auspicious for the gathering of crops. This dry fall season is what renders Texas so much superior even to the new Cotton States of the U. S. it gives them so much more time to pick the cotton, and to gather without the injury that rain inflicts.'

The letters to which we have referred contain other interesting passages, for which we have not room this week. We shall give them on a future occasion.

The war in Texas seems, by the latest accounts from Galveston, a much less formidable affair than was supposed at first. The troops,—a comparatively small band,—who took St. Antonia, plundered it, and then retreated. At the last date the Texian troops were pursuing them with great eagerness.

☞ Since the above was in type we learn from the New Orleans Bee, of March 25th, that Texas is indeed invaded by a formidable force. The Steamboat Col. Woods was despatched from Galveston on the 22d, and brings information regarded as authentic, that a large body of Mexicans,—by some estimated at 9,000,—were advancing on the Metamoras road, towards Victoria, and that 12,000 were on the upper road, approaching San Antonio. Those who took San Antonio were the vanguard of the latter army, and it is feared that the Texians who followed their retreat will be drawn within the power of the main army. It is proper to state that those acquainted with the state of affairs in Mexico, say that the Mexican force must have been greatly overrated.

Music in Schools.—The Washington Banner contains an article enumerating the advantages of music in schools. We quote a few passages.

We have the most unequivocal testimony in favor of vocal music as a branch of instruction in schools, from teachers and School Directors in every place where it has been introduced and continued long enough to warrant a proper judgment. In Germany and Prussia, celebrated for the perfection of their school systems, music has long been taught in every school. In our own country, even in those parts where its cultivation is most general, as in Boston and its vicinity, music is yet in its infancy: and ten years ago had such a thing as music in schools been seriously proposed, the idea would have been scouted as chimerical even there. But after the most ample trial in the schools in that city, there is but one opinion as to the utility of making singing constitute a regular exercise in the course of instruction.

There is an attraction in the music, which attaches children to the school, and makes them more constant in their attendance, and more punctual to the hour. So far from impeding their progress in other branches, it greatly adds to it.

As a source and means of enjoyment, it cannot be too highly appreciated. They know no way in which the same amount of money could be made to purchase so much happiness for children. Of course, its influence must be great, in meliorating their bad tempers; and consequently invaluable as a means of moral education. It supplants, and banishes from use, and eventually from memory, those wanton profane and corrupting ditties, which are 'caught' in the streets and throughfares; and it furnishes healthful and useful amusement for the nursery and sitting room.

These are unquestionable advantages, and if rightly used must have an important bearing on the moral progress of the young. Great attention however should be given, to insure a discreet use of so powerful an instrument of good or evil. So mighty is the power of music over the intellect and the heart, that the manner of using it should be guarded with the most watchful attention, lest that influence should be in the wrong direction. The selection of the hymns or poetry used in the schools should not be left wholly to the taste or whim of the teacher; nor to the direction of committees governed by sectarian prejudices.

Among the items of news by the Columbia we select the following.

England.—The lords commissioners of the admiralty have ordered that, in future, all steam vessels shall cary a complement of marines. First class steam-frigates one lieutenant, one sergeant, one corporal, one drummer, and twenty eight men, or one sergeant, one corporal, and twenty men, according to the accommodation on board. The Driver and Gorgon steam-frigates have already had marine officers appointed to them. All other steam-vessels have one corporal and nine privates; that number joined the Kite and Volcano steam frigates last week.

France.—A new cause of excitement against the government of Louis Phillippe had grown out of the certain discovery of an inquisitorial cabinet in the post office, by which the letters, &c., directed to persons suspected of not being particularly friendly to the reigning dynasty, were subjected to scrutiny, and in some cases to an actual breaking of the seals. The prosecutions against printers and publishers were also continued with, if possible, greater rigor than ever,—and had evidently the effect, in some cases, to intimidate the press. The Quotidienne appeared almost daily with one or two blank columns, where the matter had been 'ruled out,' as reflecting too strongly against the government. It is evident that either a free press or the present government cannot exist in France.

Meeting of Salt Manufactures.—The Salt Manufacturers of Barnstable county, in this State, are to have a meeting at Orleans on the 12th of April, to take measures to protect their interests in the approaching revision of the tariff. The manufacture of salt commenced, says the Yarmouth Register, in that county, seventy years ago, and it has been the means of profit to many small capitalists, who now are in danger of being reduced to poverty by the introduction of the foreign article.—*Boston Courier.*

MR. GANNETT'S LECTURE.

We are requested to state that the last lecture of the course, which it was expected would be delivered on Sunday evening, will be postponed till further notice.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Monday morning, at Berry st church, by Rev. Mr Gannett, J. W. Patterson to Mary, daughter of Isaac Mansfield, Esq

On Thursday evening, by Rev. Mr Vinton, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Mr Amos A. Lawrence to Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of Wm. Appleton, Esq.

In this city, by Rev Mr Gray, Mr Nathaniel Brown, to Miss Julia A. Blanchard.

24th ult. Mr James W. Clark, merchant of Boston, to Mrs Catharine M. March.

In Webster, by Rev. L. Geo. Leonard, Mr Edwin S. Ball to Miss Mary Ann Howland both of Webster.

By the same Mr Lucien Harris to Miss Mary Ann Negus only daughter of Dr Charles Negus of Webster.

In Providence, R. I. by Rev. Mr Dowling, Hon. John Widgery, of Little Rock, (Arkansas,) to Miss Ann L. Woodward, of Boston.

At New York, 29th ult, by Rev Mr Bellows, John Nickerson, Jr, of Chatham, Mass., to Laura, daughter, of Mr Henry Hart, of New York.

In Grandview, (Ohio,) 23d ult, Mr Samuel R. Bates of Cincinnati, formerly of Boston, to Miss Hannah M., daughter of Philip Glandin, Esq., of C.

In Pensacola, 6th ult. Major Charles Thomas, of the United States Army, to Miss Eliza Ann Taylor, daughter of L. Taylor, Esq.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Sunday morning, Rev Thaddeus Mason Harris, D. D.

In this city, April 2d, Hon. Daniel Sargeant, one of our oldest and most respectable citizens, 78.

In this city, Henry Bass, Esq., a very estimable citizen, who has filled many public offices of responsibility and trust.

At Jamaica Plain, (Roxbury,) on Saturday evening, after a very short illness, Rev. George Whitney, Junior Pastor of the Congregational Church in that place, 38.

In Roxbury, March 26, Mrs Z. C. Tilden, aged 58, wife of Bryant P. Tilden. Esq.

In Billerica, on the 26th ult, in the 77th year of her age, Mrs Hannah, wife of Rev. Jacob Norton; formerly of Weymouth.

In Hanover (Mass) Mr William Salmond aged 49 years.

In Amherst, on Sunday last, very suddenly, of croup, Rev. Nathaniel Perkins, aged 65, Pastor of the East Congregational Church, over which he had presided thirty-eight years.

At Buena Esparanza Cuba, 8th ult, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, Mr John Greenough, of Jamaica Plain, 26.

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POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

WHEN SHALL WE BE AT REST!

Not when the twilight shade,
Steals in dim silence, with its pensive sway;
Not when the vesper-song from hill and glade,
Dies peacefully away:

Not when the midnight hour,
'Its starry banner' o'er the earth unfurls;
Not when the wave, lulled by its soothing power,
In gentle murmur curls;

Not when the golden rays
Start in wild beauty from their pearly rest;
Not when the matin bird with joy and praise,
Soars from its dewy nest;

Not when the voice of spring,
Breaks in sweet cadence on the listening ear;
Not when the garlands which its footsteps bring,
Crown the bright, new-born year;

Not when the summer bloom
Tinges the hill-side with its rainbow hues;
Not when the breath of fragrance and perfume
Comes, with the evening dews;

Not when the autumn sun
Its mellow lustre pours upon the hills;
Not when the vintage-gathering, gaily done,
The waiting garner fills;

Not when the hearth
Sheds its rich blaze of comfort and of peace;
Not when the chime of joy rings o'er our path,
And toil and labor cease:

Not when long-absent ones
Are gathered to the fold of home again;
Not when from wanderings the loved one comes,
Unchanged by care or pain;

Not when the voice of love
Steals in sweet music on the raptured ear;
Though the soft echo bear our hearts above;
Seeking their native sphere.

No, these are not our rest!
Over their brightest hours a shadow steals;
And the soul learns, that, though in beauty drest,
Each flower, a thorn conceals.

When shall we be at rest!
Not till each earthly passion hath been stilled;
Not till the temple shrined within the breast,
With love divine is filled.

Not till the Prince of Peace
Rear in our hearts the olive-plant, so blest;
Then shall life's ocean from its dashing cease,
Then shall we be at rest.

Waltham, L. E. T.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVENING BEFORE THE WEDDING.

From the German of Zschokke.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

'We shall be very happy together!' said Louise to her aunt, the evening before the wedding. And her cheek was tinged with a richer color, and her eyes sparkled with soul-felt happiness. When a young bride says 'we,' it may easily be imagined whom she is talking of.

'I doubt it not, dearest Louise,' answered her aunt, 'take heed only that you *remain* as happy.'

'Oh! no fear of that. my prudent aunt. I know myself and my own faults; but my love for him will correct them. So long as we love each other, we can never be unhappy; and our affection cannot change.

'Ah,' said the aunt, sighing, 'you talk like a girl of nineteen on the eve of marriage—in the hey-day of hope and bright anticipations—Dear child! believe me—even the heart grows old. The day must come, when the rapture of passion will decay; when the illusion is over, and we stand revealed in our real characters. After custom has robbed beauty of its dazzling charms—after youth has departed, or shadows mingled with the light of home;—then Louise the wife may talk of the excellence of her husband, or the husband of the admirable qualities of his wife. But the day before the wedding such encomiums go for nothing with me.'

'I understand you, dear aunt. You mean to say the virtues only of each can give lasting pleasure to the other. Now—for myself I say nothing—for I can boast only good will; but you cannot deny that my betrothed is the best and most deserving of all the young men of this town. Are not all virtues that lead to happiness blooming in him?'

'I will do you both justice,' answered her relative, 'and acknowledge that virtues bloom in both; I can say that to you without flattery. But, my love, they only bloom, and need a life-time of rain and sunshine to ripen them. No blossoms are more deceitful at their first opening. We cannot know in what soil they are rooted. Who knows the hidden heart?

'You alarm me, dear aunt!'

'So much the better, Louise. I love you too well, not to say to you what I think. I am not, as you know, a cynical old aunt. At thirty we look cheerfully upon life, for the most part; at least we are not apt to be misanthropical. I have an excellent husband, and am happy.—Therefore I have a right to advise you; to acquaint you with matters usually unthought of by the pretty young girl, which the lover does not trouble himself with for the present, which are most important to domestic comfort, and can alone secure undying love and undisturbed enjoyment.'

Louise pressed the hand of her aunt in both hers. 'I thank you—and listen attentively to your advice. You would impress it upon me, that not in fortune or perishable beauty, but in the enduring excellences of the mind are we to find the pledges of happiness. Those are our best treasures; they can never grow old.'

'Be not so sure of that, Louise. The fine qualities you speak of can grow old, and with age become disagreeable; just like the charms of the person.'

'How can that be, dear aunt? Name me a virtue that can become disagreeable with age!'

'When it becomes so, it loses the title of virtue, as a handsome face is no longer handsome, when wrinkled and disfigured by time.'

'But, aunt, such qualities are not transitory.'

'Do not believe that.'

'For instance, when will gentleness and mildness become intolerable?'

When they have degenerated into effeminacy and indolence.'

'And manly firmness?'

'When it becomes obstinacy.'

'And modesty?'

'May turn to prudery, or to servility.'

'And generous pride?'

'To arrogance or presumption.'

'And obliging kindness?'

'To time-serving meanness, or inordinate love of popularity.'

'Nay, aunt, you go far towards making me a misanthrope. My future husband can never thus degenerate. He has one excellence that will ever keep him in the right way—a deep, imperishable feeling for all that is great and good and lovely. This noble sensibility I have also. It is to us an inborn pledge that all will be well!'

'Very fine; but suppose, niece, this sensibility should grow into irritability—which is the bane of married life? You have sensibility, I own; Heaven forbid it should ever lead to peevishness! You know the Countess Stammorn?'

'Who for some time has been separated from her husband?'

'The same. Do you know the cause of their separation?'

'I do not; though all the world has been talking of it.'

'She told me the story herself, and I will tell it you; it is amusing, as well as a useful lesson; and may serve as an illustration of what I have said.'

Louise was all curiosity. Her aunt went on to relate:

'The Count Stammorn and his wife were esteemed a pattern of conjugal felicity. They were in love almost from childhood; and loved with enthusiastic devotion. They were both handsome, young and amiable, and seemed created for each other.

'It was known that the course of their true love had not run smooth. Their parents interfered with their engagement, and endeavored to break it off. The young lady fell into illness at the disappointment; her romantic lover threatened to follow the example of Werter, and commit suicide. To save the lives of the young people, the parents were compelled to yield. The lovers were restored to each other; and when parental authority again interposed to separate them, they eloped, crossed the border, were made one before the altar, and returned as man and wife in the face of the world.

The newly wedded pair seemed to think of nothing else than pleasing each other. Their life for the first few years, was an amatory poem. Gradually this enthusiasm abated; they mingled more with society around them; though their fondness was so openly manifested that people thought it quite a scandal. After a while they became more reasonable; and even ventured on short absences, their letters being frequent, and filled with expressions of the warmest attachment. Eloise wrote none more tender, even with the pen of Pope. Ere long the Count could be absent, even for several weeks, without heart-breaking grief, or seeing his lady swoon at his departure. They found they could love in their hearts, without continually exchanging protestations. They had more sympathy with others, having discovered that they were not the only beings in existence.—Thus passed the first ten years of their married life; they had settled down into ordinary husband and wife, and were universally regarded as an enviable pair.

'They had grown ten years older; their love, and alas! their virtues also, had undergone a change; one natural to the human heart. They were conscious of it. They found also that each had weaknesses and faults, which were no longer hidden by the mantle of love. Yet thereby were the virtues of patience and forbearance called forth; and every slight offence was atoned for by renewed attention. By degrees the selfishness of each began to encroach on the other, and disturb their harmony; which they found it necessary to secure by establishing a conventional understanding, such as exists between most married persons in fashionable life. They seldom met, except at meals, and each went and came without being questioned. This method proved admirable, and discord was banished from their house. If one remarked at all upon the other, it was in the way of compliment.

'One evening, it was in the twentieth year of their marriage,—they had returned from the theatre, and were sitting by the fire-side together—an unwonted occurrence. The incidents of the play they had witnessed had softened their hearts to something of the old romance.

''Ah!' remarked the Countess, after some conversation, 'how charming if one could be always young!'

''You have no reason to complain,' answered her husband. 'What woman in the world retains her beauty as you do! I find no difference between you now and the day of your wedding. A little caprice, sometimes, it is true. Well, that is easily borne. I think truly, that we are the most enviable pair in the world. Were I unmarried, you, above all others, would be the one to fix my heart.'

''You are flatterring me,' said the Countess, gently sighing. 'Ah, dear friend! twenty years have flown since our wedding. What was I then?' What am I now?'

''A lovely girl then; now a handsome woman. I would not exchange the one for the other.' And he gallantly kissed her cheek.

''There is but one thing wanting, love, to complete our happiness.'

''I understand you; a child, to inherit your charms and your virtues,' replied the Count, as he kissed the hand of his fair spouse. 'Yet who knows—you are but thirty-eight—I am scarcely forty—'

''Oh, how happy I should be! And yet, an only child would be the cause of more anxiety than joy. The least accident, or fear of accident, would make us tremble for him. Two children, indeed—'

''You are right. We want not two, but three. Had we but two, and should one die, what a world of solicitude should we have with the remaining one! I feel certain that our prayers for this blessing will be granted, and that we shall have three children.'

'Indeed?' said the lady, smiling, 'I fear that would be too much. We should hardly know what to do with them. Suppose, for example, they were all sons?'

''Very well. My income is sufficient for us and them. The eldest should go into the army; I would make a statesman of the second. That would cost much—but they should rise by their own exertions. Then we have respectable connections, rank and distinction in society.'

''You have forgotten the youngest, my dear.'

''The youngest? Oh, no! He shall enter the church. That resource is unfailing.'

''What—my son become a priest? Nay—such a calling is unworthy of him.'

''Unworthy! May I ask how is that? He might become an Abbot—nay, a Bishop.'

''Never! I would scorn to be the mother of a monk, and see my son with a bald pate, in cowl and cassock. If I had a hundred sons, not one should be of that profession!'

''You are freakish in your humor to-night, my dear wife. You would not for a silly caprice, oppose what would be both for our good and his.'

''I tell you, I would never give my consent; never! You may call it caprice if you will.—Your caprice is always to govern; but remember, sir, a mother has rights!'

''Not so. The father disposes of the children.'

''Suppose he has no judgment?'

''That is not my case—madame! and be assured yours is the last I would consult. When the opportunity arrives, I shall take care to convince you that I have the means of enforcing my will.'

''No one can deny, sir,' said the Countess with haughtiness, 'that you are the supreme lord and ruler in this house: nevertheless, I have not the honor to be your servant!'

''Nor I to be your court fool, madame la Countesse! I have always yielded too much to your whims. But though I have been thus forbearing so long—I would have you to know there is a limit to my indulgence.'

''Much obliged to your lordship—and for your gracious proof of sincerity, too. Who, I should like to know, has always yielded most? I have borne your follies in silence for years, and generously pardoned them, more as faults of understanding and education, than of the heart. But there is such a thing as wearying out patience.'

''You are quite right, madame. Mine has long been severely tried by your whimsical behavior, and you may thank your good fortune I did not throw off the yoke long ago,—I am no longer the obedient servant of your follies. I must speak plainly with you.'

''If I had spoken plainly with you, sir, long since, you would have known that I held you for an arrogant, ridiculous egotist, with whom it is impossible to live in concord; a soulless piece of flesh, who boasts much of sensibilities he is incapable of experiencing.'

''Truly! And you boast of *your* judgment—of *your* sensibility! You may deceive others; I am, by good or bad luck, completely undeceived. Your pretended virtues are to me but female grimace. Your affection is the more disgusting—the better I know you. But for appearance sake, I should long since have sent you home to your family!'

''You would have suited my wishes exactly. An obstinate, selfish egotist as you are, can never make a sensible woman happy. And after what I have learned of your mind within the last half hour, be assured, sir, I desire nothing so much as to be free from you.'

''I take your word, madame, and am happy to hear you propose such a thing. Good night. I wish you ladyship pleasant dreams. To-morrow the business shall be arranged.'

''The sooner the better,—Monsieur la Compte!'

'The next day the notary was sent for. The deed of separation was drawn up, signed and witnessed. The separation followed, in spite of the interference of friends.

'The ridiculous occasion of their quarrel is not generally known. Both the Count and Countess, as you know, are esteemed respectable and amiable people; in truth, this catastrophe was brought about by no crime of either, but merely by the weaknesses common to us all.'

'Do you call this story amusing?' asked Louise, very sadly. 'I think it really tragic, and am grieved to find there is no security for wedded bliss. But you must have consolation for me, dearest aunt. Tell me how I shall preserve the charms of youth and always captivate my husband?'

'Nay, my dear child, even could you always remain as you are, youth and beauty would lose the power to charm, with habit and their constant presence. Men grow soon weary of the loveliest face. Besides, your husband must grow old himself; and then youthful manners would cease to please him. Your habits, your tastes, would no longer be congenial.'

Louise sighed.

'I could store your memory,' resumed her aunt, 'with precepts to guard your happiness. I could tell you to beware of the first quarrel; *never* to contend even in jest; to have no secrets from each other, lest the springs of confidence be insensibly sapped: to beware of the interference of relations. But these are maxims which your own prudence will sufficiently impress upon you, and their observance at best will have but a negative effect.

'Would you have the secret of perpetual loveliness? It is treasured—not in feature or complexion, but in the soul. Men worship beauty for the inward graces of which it is the pledge. And would you know how to keep the soul fair? Religion is the only secret for that.

'Thus you see, my love, how little we can depend upon personal perfections; how little upon mental excellences or amiable traits of character. But the virtues born of, and nourished by religion, are immortal. Seek them from Him who is the Author of Religion; seek them daily from Him. Be assured thus, that you will ever remain fair and amiable in the eyes of your husband and be blessed in every relation of life.'

Louise flung her arms round her aunt's neck, and thanked her, with tearful eyes for her lesson.

PEACE PRINCIPLES.

We find this anecdote of William Ladd in the last number of the Democratic Review:

It was not mere good nature, but the adoption of the Peace principles, which made him thus gentle hearted. A story, which he often told with peculiar relish, will illustrate this mouldering of his character—the gradual progress of his mind in adopting the peace principles. 'I had,' says he, 'a fine field of grain, growing upon an out farm some distance from the homestead. Whenever I rode by I saw my neighbor Pulsifer's sheep in the lot, destroying any hopes of a harvest. These sheep were of the gaunt, long-legged kind, active as spaniels: they could spring over the highest fences, and no partition wall could keep them out. I complained to neighbor Pulsifer about them, sent him frequent messages, but all without avail.—Perhaps they would be kept out for a day or two, but the legs of the sheep were long, and my grain rather more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again; the sheep were still there; and told my men to set the dogs on them, and if that would not do, I would pay them if they would shoot the sheep.

'I rode away much agitated, for I was not so much of a Peace man then as I am now, and I felt, literally, full of fight. All at once a light flashed in upon me. I asked myself, would it not be well for you to try in your own conduct the Peace principles you are preaching to others? I thought it all over, and settled down in my mind as to the best course to be pursuited.

'The next day I went over to see neighbor Pulsifer. I found him chopping wood at his door. 'Good morning neighbor.' No answer. 'Good morning, I repeated. He gave a kind of grunt like a hog, without looking up. 'I came,' continued I, 'to see you about the sheep.' At this he threw down his axe, and exclaimed in a most angry manner, 'Now aren't you a pretty neighbor, to tell your men to kill my sheep! I heard of it,—a rich man like you to shoot a poor man's sheep!'

'I was wrong, neighbor,' said I; 'but it won't do to let your sheep eat up all that grain; so I came over to say that I would take your sheep to my homestead pasture, and put them in with mine, and in the fall you may take them back, and if any one is missing, you may take your pick out of my whole flock.'

'Pulsifer looked confounded—he did not know how to take it. At last he stammered out, 'Now, Squire, are you in earnest?' 'Certainly I am,' I answered; 'it is better for me to feed your sheep in my pasture on grass than to feed them here on grain; and I see the fence can't keep them out.,

'After a moment's silence—'The sheep shan't trouble you any more,' exclaimed Pulsifer. 'I will fetter them all. But I'll let you know that when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind too.' The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. 'And my friends,' he would continue, 'addressing the audience, 'remember that when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they talk of injuring you. When nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready too. Love will beget love; a wish to be at peace will keep you in peace. You can overcome evil with good.—There is no other way.'

THE PREACHER AND THE PIRATES.

A native of Sweden, residing in the south of France, some years since, had occasion to go from one port to another in the Baltic Sea.—When he came to the place whence he expected to sail, the vessel was gone. On inquiry, he found a fishing boat going the same way, in which he embarked. After being for some time out to sea, the men observing he had several trunks and chests on board, concluded he must be very rich, and therefore agreed among themselves to throw him overboard. This he heard them express, which gave him great uneasiness. However he took occasion to open one of his trunks which contained some books. Observing this, they remarked among themselves, that it was not worth while to throw him into the sea, as they did not want any books, which they supposed was all the trunks contained. They asked him if he were a priest. Hardly knowing what reply to make, he told them he was; at which they seemed much pleased and said they would have a sermon on the next day, as it was the Sabbath. This increased the anxiety and distress of his mind, for he knew himself to be as incapable of such an undertaking as it was possible for any man to be, as he knew but very little about the Scriptures; neither did he believe in the inspiration of the Bible.

At length they came to a small rocky island, perhaps a quarter of a mile in circumference, where was a company of pirates, who had chosen this little sequestered spot to deposit their treasures. He was taken to a cave and introduced to an old woman, to whom they remarked that they were to have a sermon preached the next day. She said she was very glad of it, for she had not heard the word of God for a great while. His was a trying case, for preach he must, and still knew nothing about preaching. If he refused, or undertook to preach and did not please, he expected it would be his death. With these thoughts he passed a sleepless night. In the morning, his mind was not settled upon any thing. To call upon God, whom he believed to be inaccessible, was altogether vain. He could devise no way whereby he might be saved. He walked to and fro, still shut up in darkness, striving to collect something to say to them, but could not even think of a single sentence.—When the appointed time for the meeting arrived, he entered the cave, where he found the men assembled. There was a seat prepared for him, and a table with a Bible on it. They sat for the space of half an hour in profound silence; and even then the anguish of his soul was as great as human nature was capable of enduring. At length these words came to his mind—'Verily, there is a reward for the righteous: Verily, there is a God that judgeth in the earth.' He arose and delivered them; then other words presented themselves, and so on till his understanding became opened—his heart enlarged in a manner astonishing to himself. He spoke upon subjects suiting their condition; the rewards of the righteous—the judgments awaiting the wicked—the necessity of repentance, and the importance of a change of life. The matchless love of God to the children of men, had such a powerful effect on the minds of these wretched beings, that they were melted into tears. Nor was he less astonished at the unbounded goodness of an Almighty Creator, in thus interposing to save his spiritual as well as natural life, and well might he exclaim—'This is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes.' Under a deep sense of God's goodness, his heart became filled with such thankfulness, that it was out of his power to express.

What a marvellous change was thus suddenly brought about by divine interposition! He who a little before disbelieved in communion with God and the soul, became as a little child. And they who were so lately meditating on his death, now are filled with love and good will towards each other, and particularly towards him; manifesting affectionate kindness, and willing to render him all the assistance in their power!

The next morning they fitted out one of their vessels, and conveyed him where he desired.—From that time he became a changed man.—From sentiments of infidelity he became a sincere believer in the power and efficacy of the truth as it is in Jesus.—*S. S. Instructor.*

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M. STUART.
Theological Seminary, Andover, Jan. 17, 1842.
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